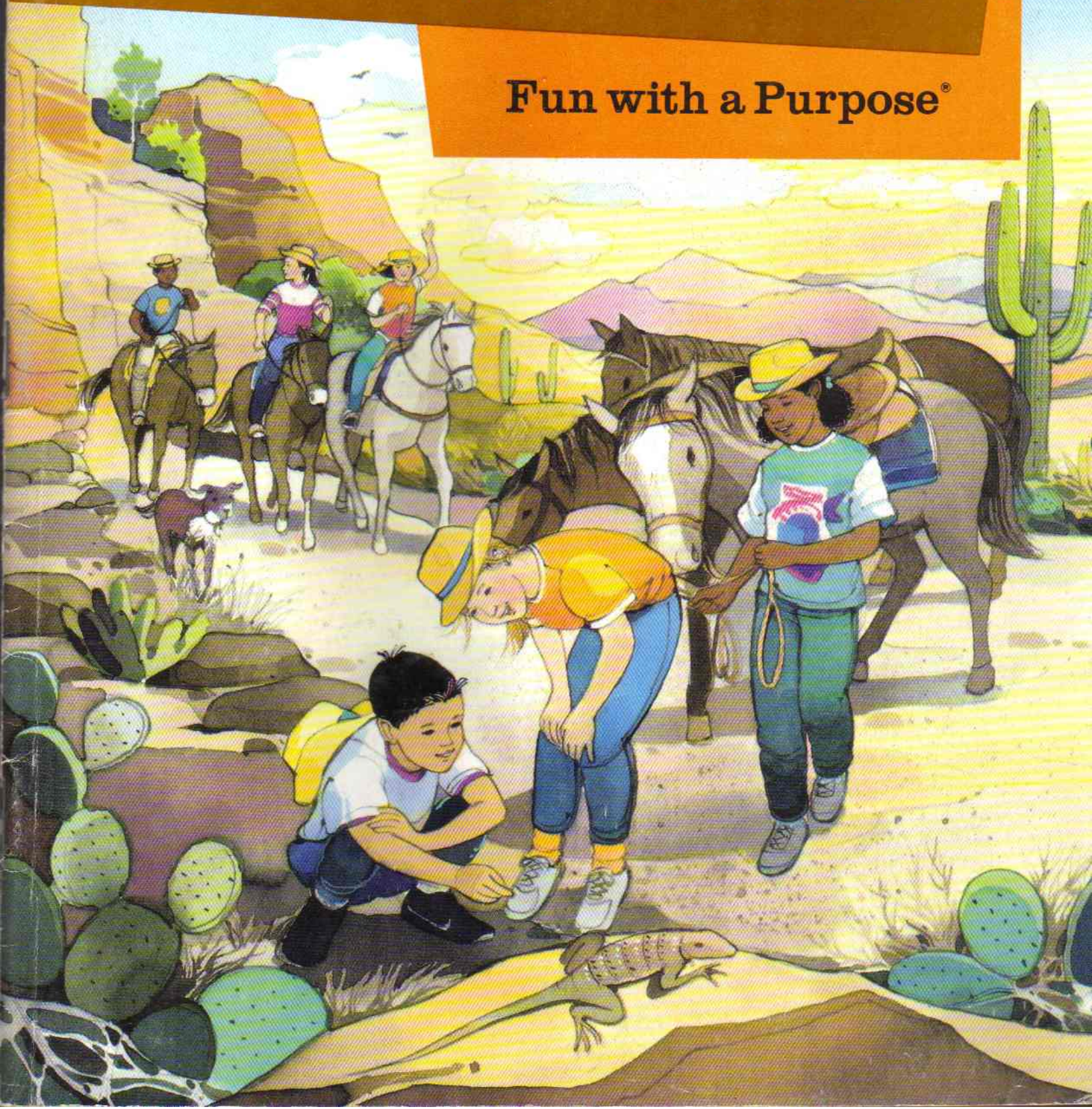


Highlights[®]

JULY 1995

for Children

Fun with a Purpose[®]



A polar bear is perched on the edge of a light blue ice floe, looking up towards a deep purple night sky. The sky is filled with numerous yellow stars of varying sizes and a bright yellow crescent moon. In the background, dark blue waves of the ocean are visible under the starry sky.

The Night Will Never Stay

The night will never stay,
The night will still go by,
Though with a million stars
You pin it to the sky,
Though you bind it with the blowing wind
And buckle it with the moon,
The night will slip away
Like a sorrow or a tune.

Eleanor Farjeon



Find me!

Highlights for Children®

JULY 1995

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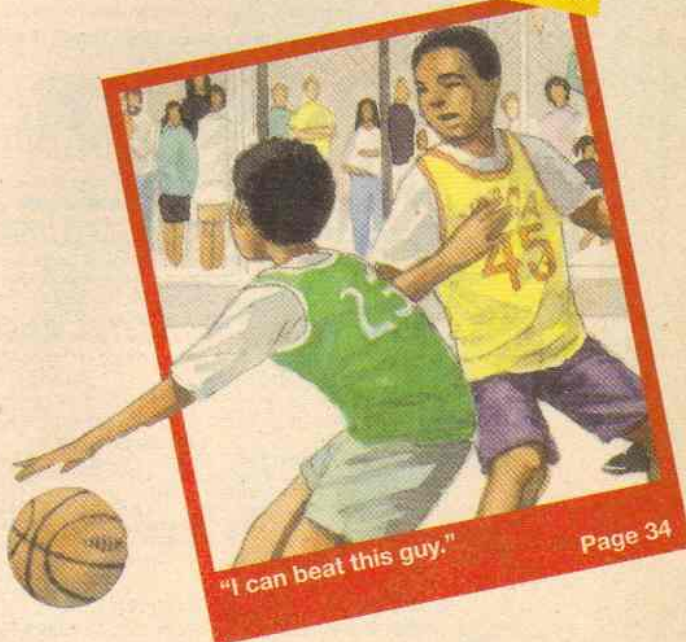
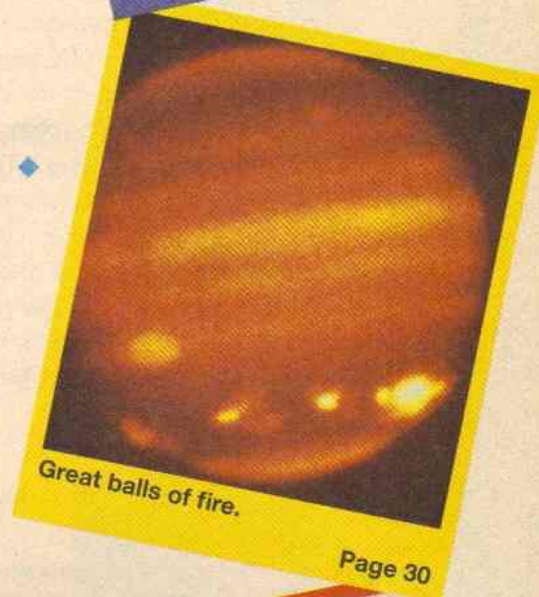
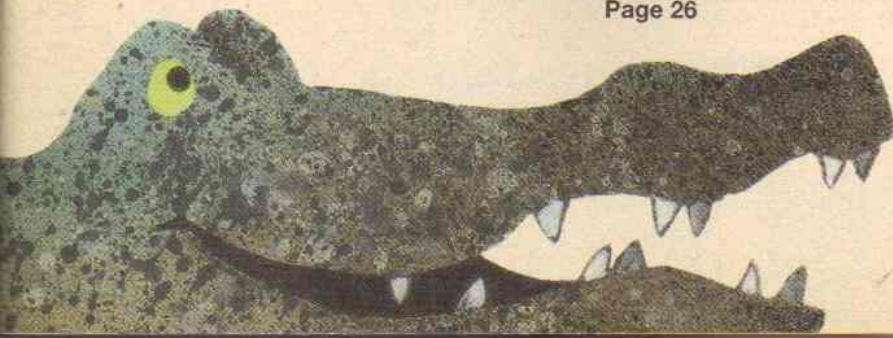
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Don't trust a crocodile.
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PARENT-TEACHER GUIDE

READING ★ Prereading ◆ Easy ■ Advanced
▲ CREATIVE THINKING ● MORAL VALUES

*This book of wholesome fun
is dedicated to helping children grow,
in basic skills and knowledge, in creativeness,
in ability to think and reason, in sensitivity to others,
in high ideals, and worthy ways of living—
for children are the world's most important people.*

From the Editor

I've been reflecting lately on why so many youngsters who read HIGHLIGHTS feel such a kinship with the magazine. I believe one important reason is the way we interact with them.

Our readers write us almost a hundred thousand letters each year. The bulk of these letters enclose creative work for our pages. But a great many are about growing up and getting along with others.

Just learning that other youngsters have problems helps our readers. And, while not every problem we publish is widely shared, our advice can often be used in a variety of circumstances.

Difficulty learning something? Try another approach. Parents hurt your feelings? Be sure to let them know. Bad attitude? Recognizing it is the first step. This sounds glib, but the actual answers aren't.

The most striking fact about readers' letters over the years is how much "sameness" there is. Getting along at home and at school is still a major problem in the life of a HIGHLIGHTS reader. And one of the great satisfactions of working for this magazine is getting letters that tell us our support and advice have been really helpful.

Kent

Kent L. Brown Jr., Editor

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Covers: Southwestern Kids and What's Wrong? by Len Ebert

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The Slowest Cactus in the West



A saguaro begins its long life in the desert.

In the hot, dry deserts of Arizona, California, and Mexico, the saguaro slowly grows . . . and grows and grows and grows.

By Judith Jango-Cohen

If you stand next to a saguaro (suh WAH roh) cactus that is your age, it will be about as high as your ankle.

But it lives so long that it may grow to be as tall as ten children standing on top of one another. It could weigh more than an elephant.

It doesn't even *begin* to grow arms until it is as old as your grandparents.

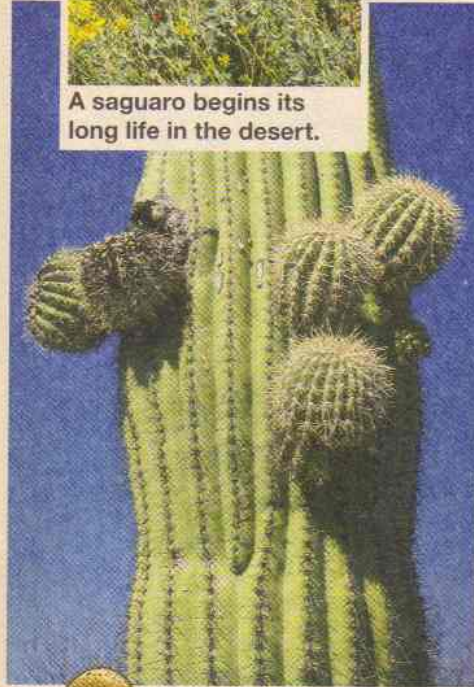
After many years, a saguaro becomes pitted with holes. Woodpeckers who drill these holes find the inside of the cactus to be a safe, cool home. When the woodpecker family moves out, owls or other birds will sometimes move in.

After more than one hundred years, a saguaro cactus dies, leaving behind a giant woody, ribbed skeleton. Slowly the skeleton crumbles and becomes soil in which tiny saguaro seeds may one day sprout.



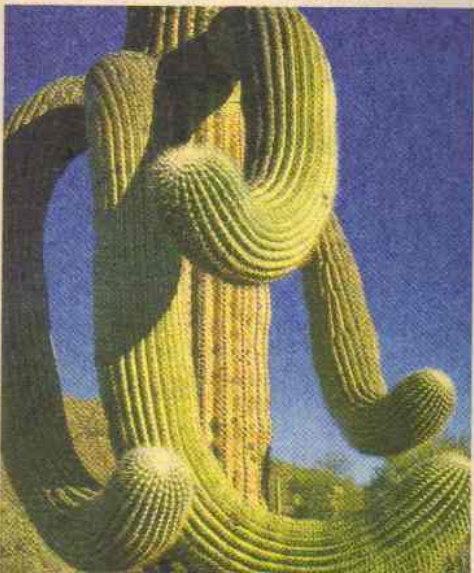
Woodpeckers may live inside an old saguaro.

After more than a century, the largest cactus of the United States becomes a crumbling skeleton.

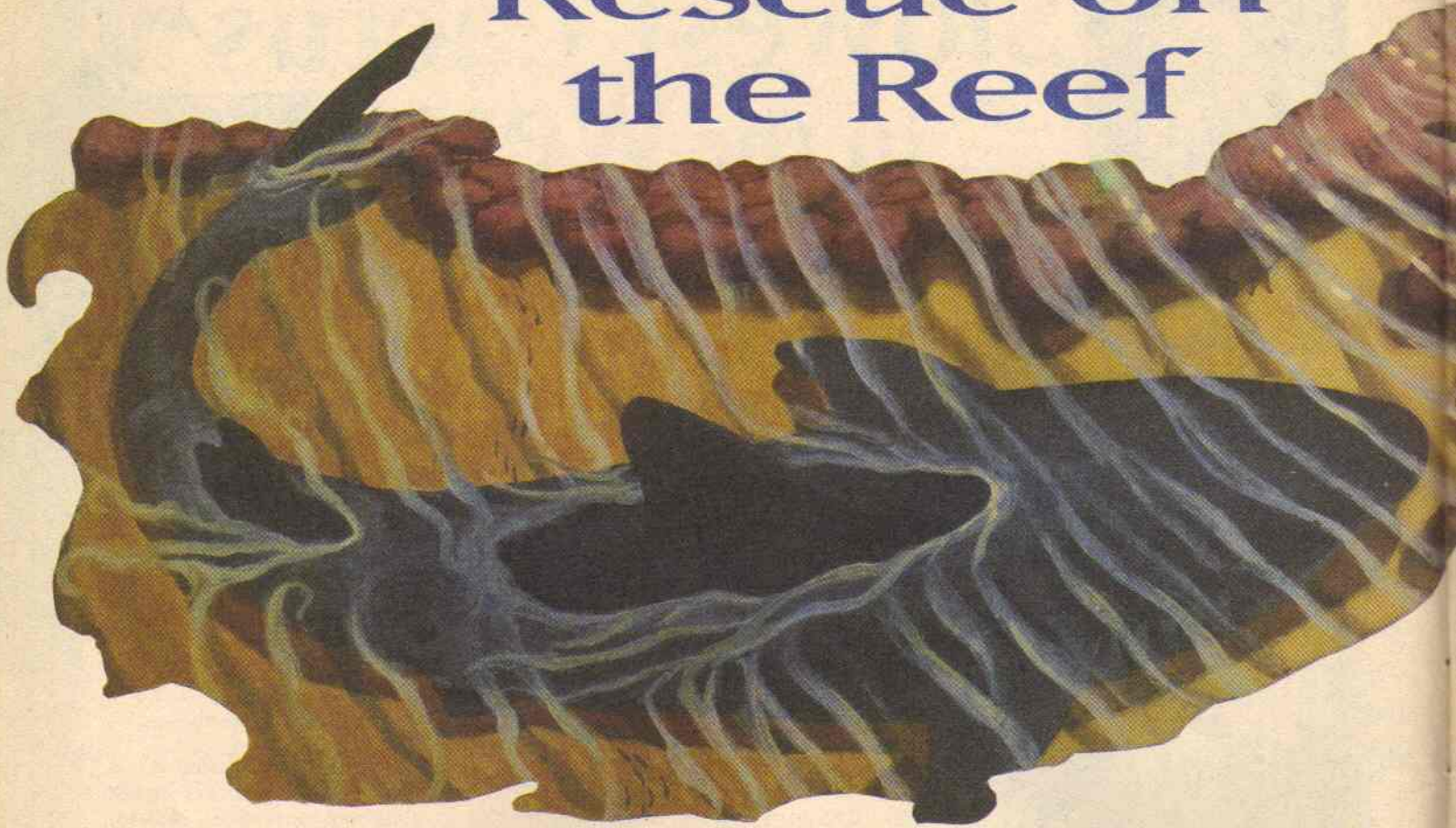


Many years later, the saguaro develops arm buds.

It stores water in its trunk and arms.



Rescue on the Reef



It was against the rules to be eaten by a shark when I wasn't even swimming.

By Gail Macomber Deaver

On a faraway island in the Pacific, the gray clouds drop tiny beads of water—not big enough to be rain, not fog, just liquid air—into the ocean.

One day, when I was about twelve, I was scrambling among the rocks at the north edge of the island. The current came straight from Japan, bringing big gray waves that shattered on a coral reef a hundred yards from shore. Then the water would rush over smaller reefs before oozing up on the spot where I was playing.

All of a sudden, I was shocked to see a huge shark coming right at me through the shallow surf. You can guess how horrified I was at the gaping mouth and those rows of shiny, sharp, saber-shaped teeth. I thought it was going to make a meal out of me, even though I was only wading and jumping from rock to rock. It wasn't fair. It was against the rules to be eaten by a shark when I wasn't even swimming.

But I took a closer look. That shark was not moving. That shark was stuck. It had beached itself on the reef and was in deathly

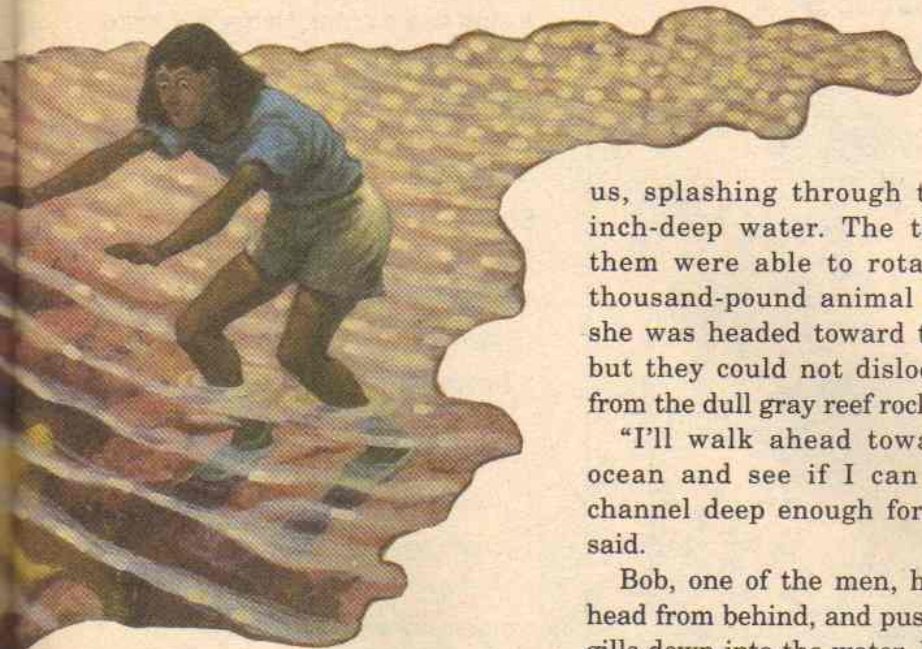
danger with its head out of water and its body lying on the coral.

While the shark's fins fanned the air, its tail flapped viciously, splattering water into the drizzle.

I took another look. The shark was pregnant. Her distended belly had trapped her in the shallow water. The little shark inside her was killing her and itself.

I remembered my mother telling about when she was pregnant; the extra shape and buoyancy of her body got her into deep trouble when she swam in waves one day. She couldn't time the rise and fall of the swells as she usually could.

That must have happened with this mother shark, too. Now she



was dying, just as my mother would have died if a lifeguard had not rescued her.

I inched very, very carefully to the side of that shark, outside of her range of vision. Very carefully I reached out and placed my hand on her back. I'd heard that fish like to be touched. My pink fingernails looked gorgeous against her green-and-black stripes. A tiger shark. It was a Japanese design: a surreal scene. What was I doing touching a shark? Then I felt her body stop twitching.

**There she was—
aiming right at me—
rapidly closing the
distance between us.**

"Oh, she's dying," I thought. But no, she was just relaxing under the touch of my fingers. Maybe I could save her.

I called out to some men who were working nearby. They ran to

us, splashing through the six-inch-deep water. The three of them were able to rotate that thousand-pound animal so that she was headed toward the sea, but they could not dislodge her from the dull gray reef rocks.

"I'll walk ahead toward the ocean and see if I can find a channel deep enough for her," I said.

Bob, one of the men, held her head from behind, and pushed her gills down into the water. He kept splashing the water into her face and gills, helping her breathe.

Suddenly a rise of water lifted her body, and she whipped her fins and surged into the channel I had found.

I was fifty feet in front of her, looking out to sea, when Bob yelled, "Shark coming!"

There she was—aiming right at me in three feet of water—rapidly closing the distance between us. My good deed was about to cause my death. I'd be raked by all those shark teeth, my blood turning the sea red.

But that shark swam to within five feet of me and right around me, then back to Bob, who was rushing to rescue me. Around Bob and back to me, around me and back to Bob. Then she headed through the coral into the breakers and out to sea.

That shark had thanked us, in her language of swimming, with her double figure eight.

Just as she slid from view, the clouds broke apart, and sunlight poured down on the gray sea, changing it to emeralds.

..... Riddles

1. What did Cinderella say when she was waiting for her photos?

Patrick Fox, North Carolina

2. What is a monster's favorite game?

Holly Coey, Alabama

3. What do you call two spiders who just got married?

John Ahn, New York

4. How is a goose like an icicle?

Denis Malkov, New Jersey

5. Where do cats go to look at paintings?

Kristin Legutki, Connecticut

6. What side dish does a miner eat?

Kwadjo Asare, Illinois

7. What is a dog's favorite movie?

Rocky Shen, Texas

8. What do you call a llama's mother?

Chris Potter, Colorado

9. What's black and white, black and white, black and white, and green?

Danielle McDonald, Pennsylvania

10. Why do werewolves buy newspapers?

Stanley Perecko, California

11. How do you fix a broken pumpkin?

Sarah Cymber, Missouri

Answers:

1. "Somebody my prints will come." 2. Swallow the pumpkin patch. 3. Newtweeds. 4. They both grow down. 5. The mew-seum. 6. Coal slaw. 7. "Jurassic Bark." 8. A mama llama. 9. Three skunks fighting over a pickle. 10. To check their horoscopes. 11. With a

Find the Pictures

Can you find each of these pictures at another place in this book?



And Another Thing

A shirt has a collar. Name two more things that have a collar.

One answer is given for each clue listed below. See if you can name two more.

Something that waves
flag

Something sticky
tape

Something with a battery
car

Something with a hole in the center
doughnut

Something to look through
binoculars

Something with two sides
sheet of paper

Something that holds water
swimming pool

Quizzum States

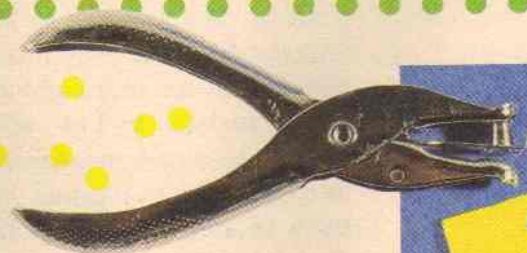
The Quizzum quintuplets live in five different states of the United States. Using a map of the United States, can you name where each one lives?

- Abe lives in the northeastern state that borders a large body of water, another country, and only one other state.
- Bea lives in one of the four states that come together at one point. Her state has four letters in its name.
- Cal lives in a state that begins with the letter *M* and that borders eight states.
- Dan lives in the state that is farthest to the north.
- Eve's state shares borders with Oregon, Idaho, and Canada.

Answers on page 39.

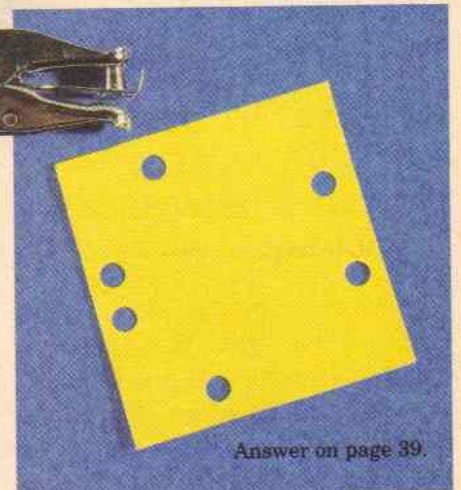
Why

- Why do we clean eyeglasses?
- Why is it easier to shovel sand than water?
- Why might a delivery person ask you to sign for a package?
- Why might glue hold some surfaces together better than others?
- Why might some states have a law against riding a bicycle while wearing earphones?



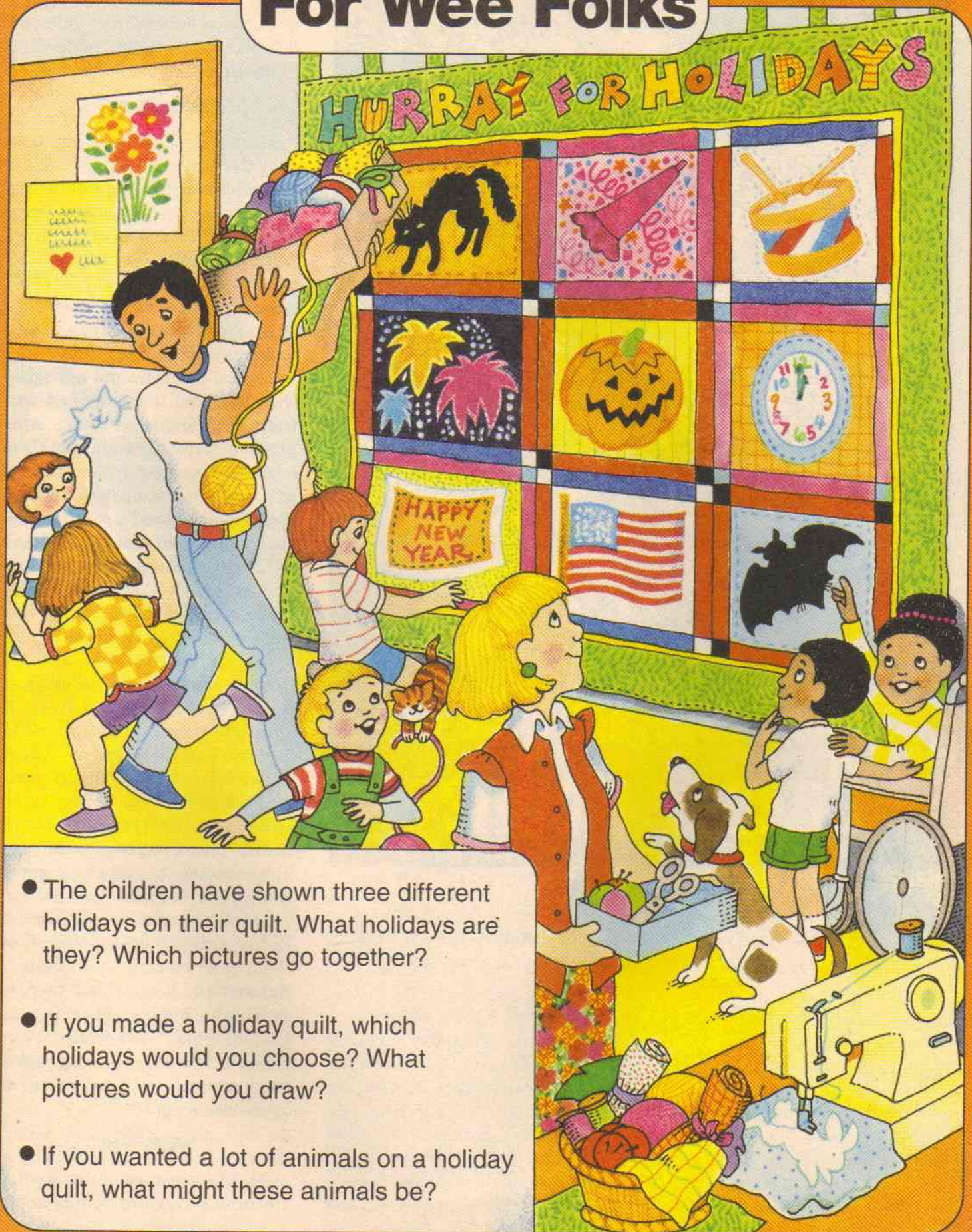
Fold Figuring

A square piece of paper was folded three times and then punched just once with a paper punch. Can you fold and punch a square of paper so that it looks like the drawing when it is unfolded?

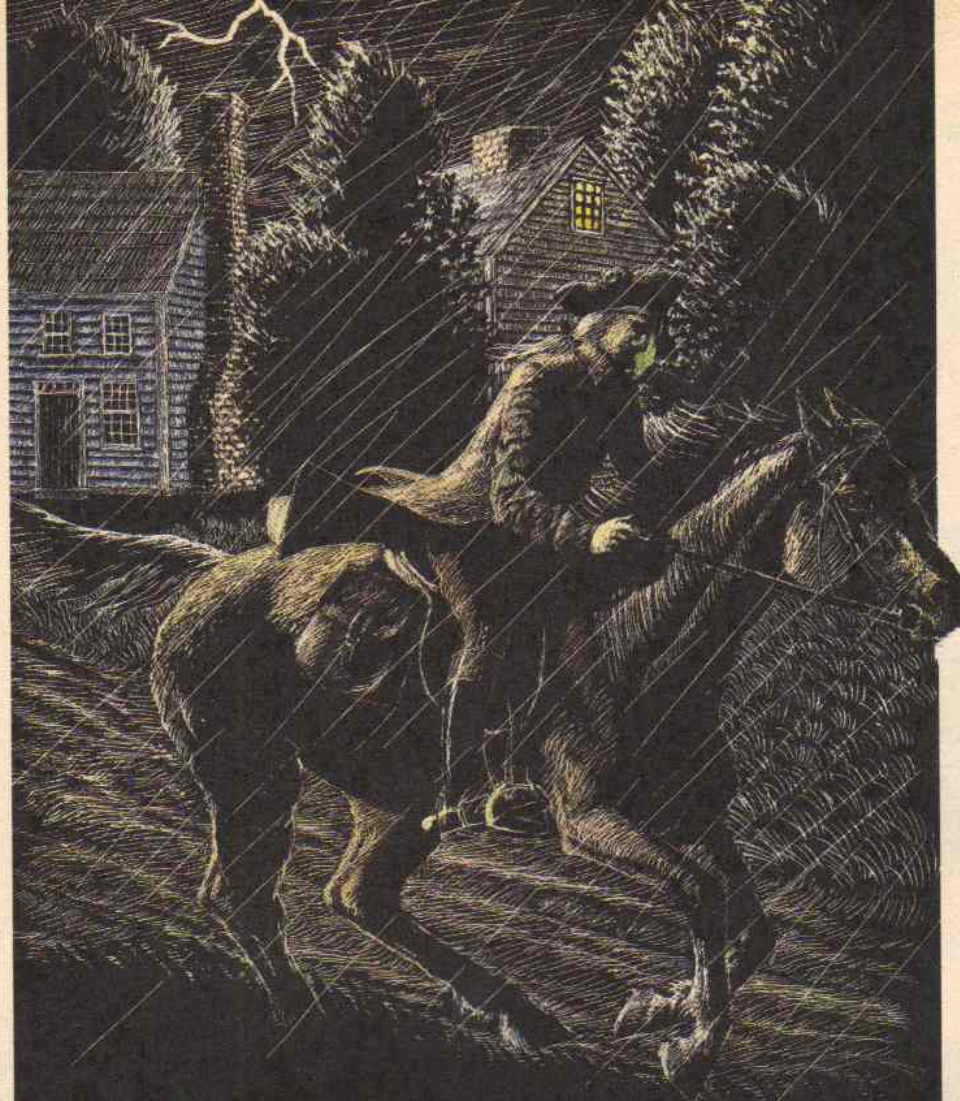


Answer on page 39.

For Wee Folks



- The children have shown three different holidays on their quilt. What holidays are they? Which pictures go together?
- If you made a holiday quilt, which holidays would you choose? What pictures would you draw?
- If you wanted a lot of animals on a holiday quilt, what might these animals be?



The Desperate Ride of Caesar Rodney

On July 2, 1776, a resolution for independence was a single vote away from failure. Could one delegate reach Philadelphia in time to cast his vote for freedom?

By Candace Fleming

On a black July night in 1776, a dust-caked messenger yanked his horse to a stop in front of a Delaware farmhouse. The messenger leaped from his mount, sprinted to the house, and pounded on the door. He had

urgent news for the man inside.

Skeleton-thin and wearing a green veil to cover a tumor on his face, Caesar Rodney opened the door. "They are voting on independence tomorrow, sir," the messenger breathlessly reported. There was no time to lose. Rodney dressed quickly, then saddled and

mounted a horse. They galloped into the inky darkness toward Philadelphia, eighty miles away.



Since May of 1775, delegates to the Continental Congress in Philadelphia had been debating whether to break away from England. Rodney, one of the three delegates from Delaware, had been in his seat on June 7, 1776, when Henry Lee of Virginia boldly suggested total independence. Rodney quickly backed him.

Several delegates did not agree with Lee, and they angrily flung their arguments at those who pressed for independence. How could the young colonies survive without England's protection? Wouldn't England's army crush the colonies' untrained militia? Without England to maintain law and order, they insisted, mobs would run wild in the streets. The discussions raged for weeks.

In the heat of the debate, Rodney received an alarming report that a thousand English supporters were rioting near Dover, his hometown. Local authorities begged Rodney to return immediately.

Rodney didn't want to leave before the Congress voted on independence, but other delegates assured him that the debate would drag on for days. Satisfied, Rodney traveled home only to find that the rioting had ended. Exhausted, he decided to rest overnight before returning to Philadelphia. Rodney had been asleep only a few hours when his much-needed rest was disturbed by the messenger.



As his horse sped across the sleeping Delaware countryside,

Y.N. 110P
Caesar Rodney
Gov. of Del.
Dec. 1776



This is Caesar Rodney's signature on the Declaration of Independence.

Rodney thought about the situation he was in. He knew it was vital that every colony vote yes when the roll was called for independence.

But the Delaware delegation was split and dangerously close to voting no. One delegate was not yet ready to break ties with England, and the second wanted independence. Rodney's vote would decide whether Delaware voted yes or no. If even one colony voted no, the resolution would fail. Fearing the worst, Rodney spurred his horse on.

A fierce thunderstorm broke with the dawn. Lightning flashed and rain poured down, turning the road into a sea of mud. Rodney refused to slow his pace, and by 11 A.M. he was only fifteen miles away. But his horse was exhausted, and Rodney was forced to stop for a fresh mount at a roadside inn. He paced anxiously for thirty excruciating minutes while a horse was saddled. At last Rodney pounded once more toward Philadelphia.



As Rodney rode toward the city, rain slashed at the windowpanes of the Philadelphia statehouse. Inside the assembly room, the air crackled with tension as the delegates listened to arguments for and against independence.

Among them, Thomas Jefferson fidgeted nervously. If Lee's resolution didn't pass, Jefferson's Declaration of Independence would be forgotten. John Adams, who was a staunch supporter of independence, sat tight-lipped and silent. Only seventy-year-old Benjamin Franklin looked confident. He felt sure that a vote for independence would come sometime that day.

Finally the debate ended, and the delegates decided to vote after lunch. That afternoon they returned, and John Hancock, president of the Continental Congress, banged his gavel to quiet the delegates.

Just then, hooves clattered over the cobblestones in front of the statehouse. All eyes turned toward the door. In burst Rodney—dripping wet, spattered with mud, and still wearing his riding boots and spurs.

"He was the oddest looking man in the world—tall, thin, and

slender as a reed, with a pale, veiled face no bigger than a large apple," John Adams wrote of Rodney's dramatic appearance. "Yet there is sense and fire, spirit, wit, and humor in his countenance."

Ignoring the stares, Rodney strode up the aisle and proudly took his seat. Hancock cleared his throat and began to call the vote.

"New Hampshire."

"Aye."

"Massachusetts."

"Aye."

"Rhode Island."

"Aye."

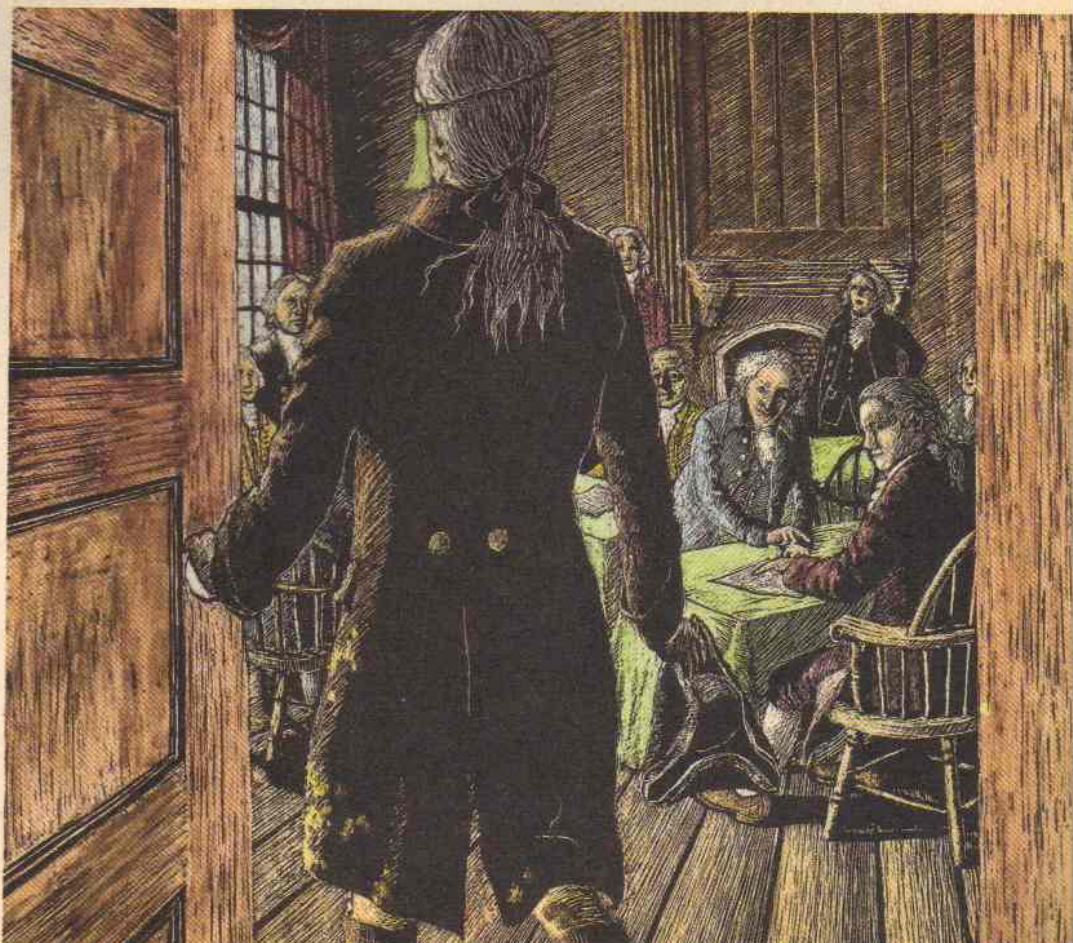
"Pennsylvania."

"Aye."

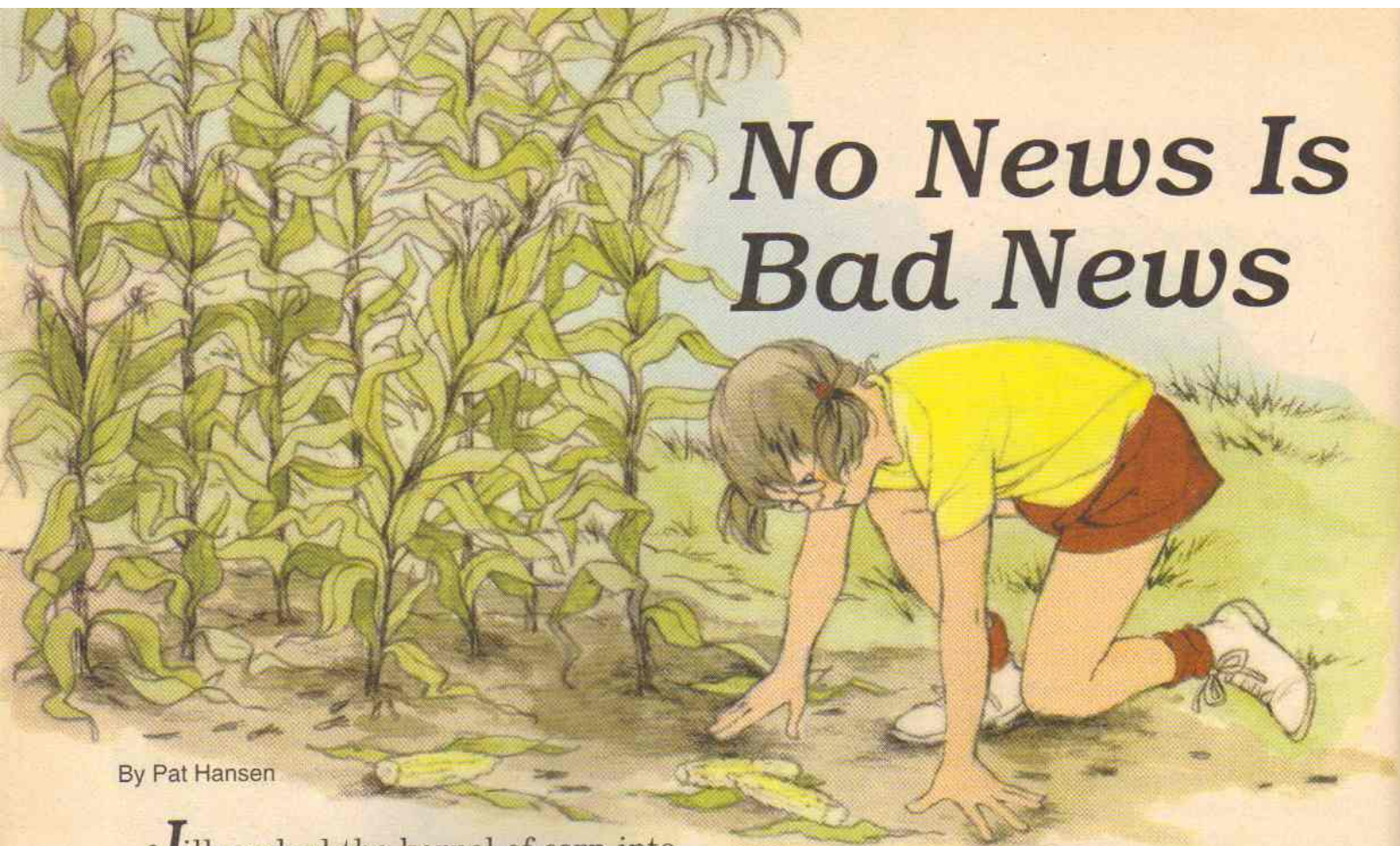
"Delaware."

Caesar Rodney rose to speak. "As I believe the voice of my constituents and all sensible men are in favor of independence," he said, "I vote for independence."

Rodney's vote broke Delaware's deadlock. The resolution for independence had passed.



No News Is Bad News



By Pat Hansen

Jill pushed the kernel of corn into the moist soil with her finger. Her mouth watered as she thought about a big ear of sweet corn dripping with butter.

This was the first year Jill had her own corner of the garden to plant whatever she wanted. She loved sweet corn, so she planted three rows of it. When the first tiny leaves broke through the ground, Jill pulled Dad by the hand all the way across the yard to see them.

When July came, the weather turned hot and humid. "Great corn-growing weather!" Dad exclaimed.

Indeed it was. Every day the corn seemed to grow another inch taller. Jill worked hard, watering and weeding her garden. She smiled as she thought about sinking her teeth into a hot, buttery ear of corn.

***Jill loved sweet corn.
So did the raccoons!***

By August, the corn stalks towered far above her head. "When will the corn be ready?" she asked.

"Soon," Dad said. "In a few days we can pick some."

The next morning, Jill went out to check on her corn. In the dirt she saw strange animal tracks with five pointy toes. They led right to the corn stalks. Several ears of corn had been ripped off, and the husks and silks were scattered all over the ground. Just the cobs remained. Most of the kernels of corn had been eaten off.

Crying, Jill ran to tell her dad.

"It must have been raccoons," he said. "They love sweet corn. If there are enough of them, they can clean out

a whole corn patch in one night.

"When we were young, we used to put newspapers all the way around the patch. We weighed them down with clods of dirt. It worked for us."

Jill didn't see what good the papers would do, but she didn't have any better ideas. That evening she carefully laid out newspapers. They crunched as she piled on lumps of dirt to hold them down.

The next morning, she found no tracks and no empty cobs. Somehow, the newspapers had worked!

"You will have to change the newspapers every day," said Dad. He tried to hold back a smile. "The raccoons have read yesterday's news. They will need new news to keep them busy so they don't have time to go after your corn."

Jill laughed. Raccoons couldn't read. Besides, it had taken her a long time to get the papers laid out last night. She didn't know how, but they had worked. There was no reason to change something that worked.

***Raccoons couldn't read—
could they?***

But the next morning, the raccoons had struck again. Jill sat down on the soggy papers and cried. She wouldn't get even one mouthful of sweet corn at this rate!

Maybe her dad wasn't teasing. Maybe raccoons really could read. What else could explain it?

The dew from the papers started seeping through her shorts.

The dew? Of course, the papers weren't crunchy! When the raccoons walked on the papers the first night, the noise must have scared them away. By the second night, the papers had soaked up so much dew that they weren't crunchy anymore.

That evening, Jill carefully laid out fresh newspapers for the raccoons. The next day, she and Dad picked corn for dinner. As she bit into a juicy ear, she was glad the raccoons hadn't realized she had put out last week's news!



Hidden Pictures

Independence Day Parade



In this big picture find the fork, needle, snake, ring, flashlight, mouse, bell, chicken, magnet, sickle, hook, moon, cat, and mallet.



Prayer on Fourth of July

This is the birthday of our land;
May all her days be in God's hand.

May all her ways between the seas
Be ways of quietness and peace.

May her good flag shine high and bright,
And all the nations trust its light.

For peace and blessing may she stand,
America our land!

Nancy Byrd Turner



Can you find these
Hidden Pictures
on page 14?



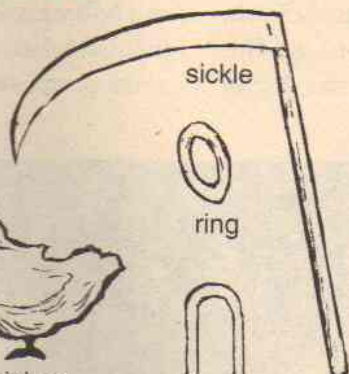
flashlight



needle



chicken



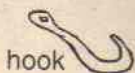
sickle



ring



magnet



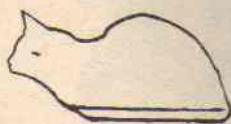
hook



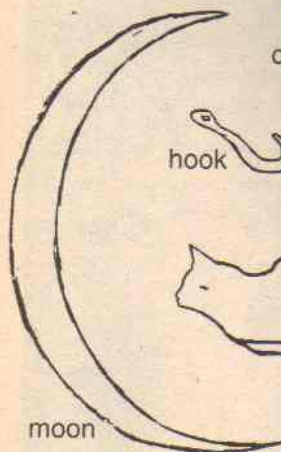
fork



mallet



cat



moon



bell



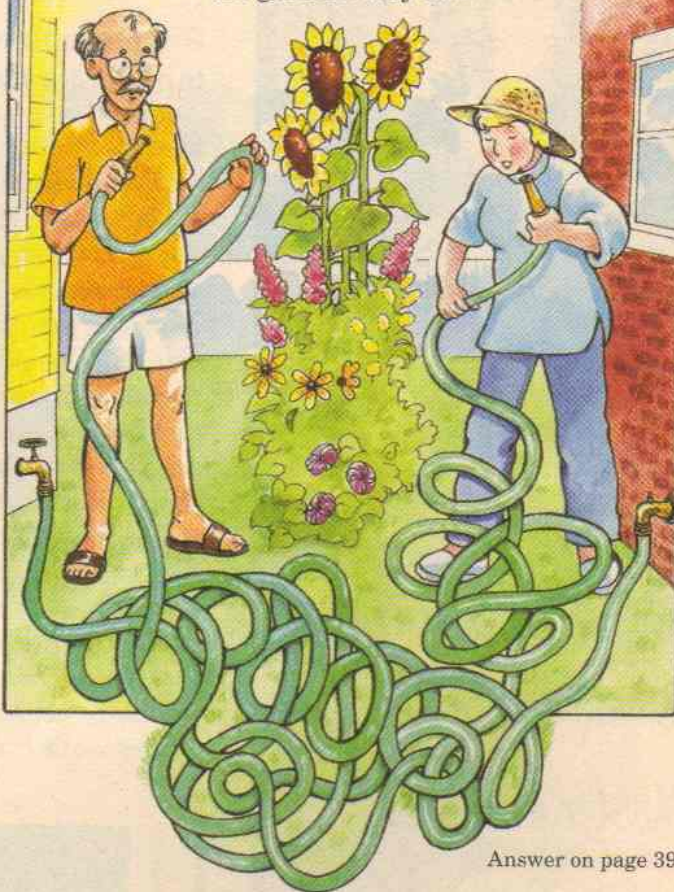
snake



mouse

Hose Maze

Neither gardener will be able to water
the garden. Why not?



Answer on page 39.

One-Sided Conversation

Below is one side of a conversation. What might the
other person have said?

"What are you doing, Kim? Writing a letter?"

?

"I didn't know you kept a journal. I do, too!"

?

"Since I was about nine. I don't write in it every day,
though."

?

"Usually my thoughts or what's happened that day.
Sometimes I just doodle. What about you?"

?

"What kind of poems?"

?

"Hey, maybe I should try to write some, too. Funny
things happen to me all the time!"

Picture-Perfect

Photographer William Wegman has become famous for his portraits of Weimaraners.



Untitled, 1993.

By Patricia Curtis Pfitsch

Master of Illusion

Can a dog wear a dress? Carry a basket? Sit at a table?

William Wegman would like to make you think so. While some photographers use human models in their pictures, Wegman's most popular models are his dogs, Fay Ray and her two grown pups, Battina and Chundo.

"It's a relationship formed by cooperating," Wegman says, explaining the way he and his Weimaraner dogs approach his photography. "I'm not trying to get the dog to do a trick like a circus dog. We're working together on a project."

Even though his dogs don't do tricks, Wegman's job is often about illusion. In his photographs, which appear in museums all over the world, the dogs seem to be wearing clothes and shoes, sitting in chairs, or standing up on their

hind legs. But sometimes that isn't really what's happening.

"When the dresses are 'on' the dogs, it's usually an illusion," Wegman explains. "It only looks realistic from the front. From the side it looks silly." In some cases, outfits are put in front of the dogs and held in place with clips. The dogs' most difficult task might be sitting still.

There are lots of these illusions. For example, if Wegman wants Fay to hold a basket on her arm, he ties the basket to the sleeve of the dress. Then he arranges boots or shoes at the bottom of the picture so it looks as if the dog is

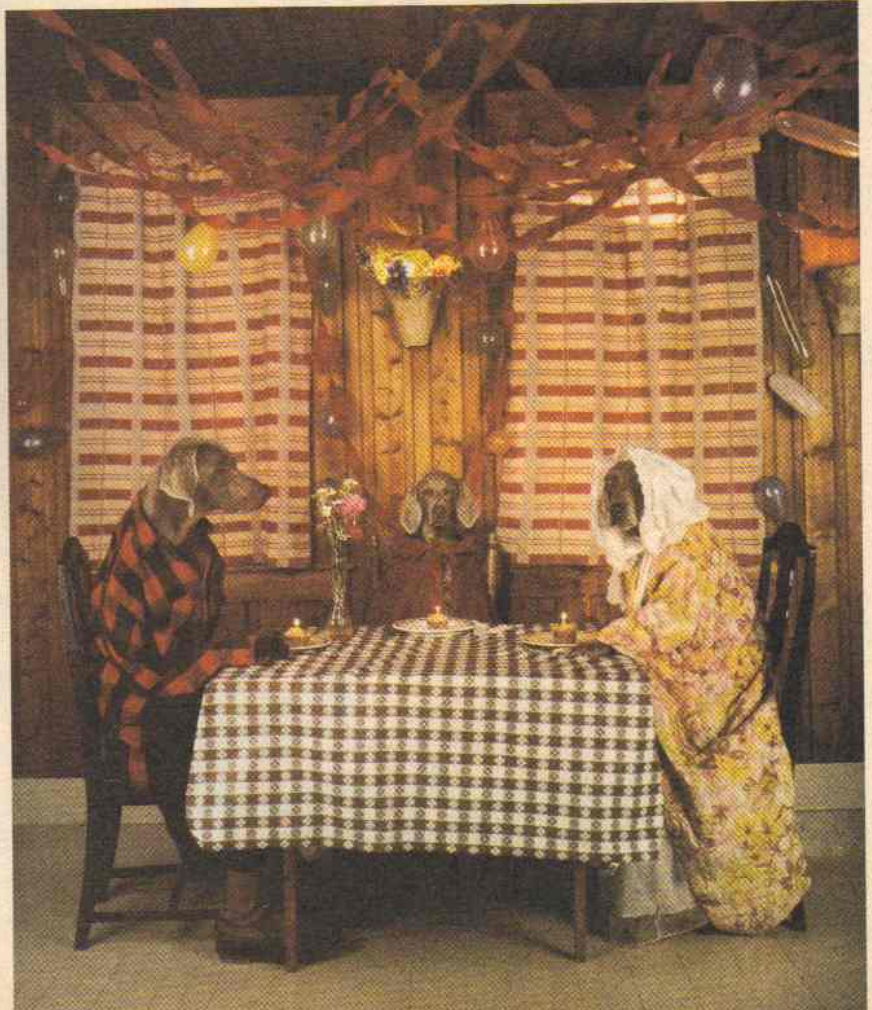
wearing them. The tops of the shoes are hidden by the dress or another piece of material. We can't see them, but the dog's feet aren't anywhere near the shoes.

Like human models, Wegman's furry partners have their own specific needs.

"Fay doesn't like to sit next to plants," he says. "She also has a natural inclination to look away from the camera."

If Wegman wants a picture of Fay "kissing" someone, he must smear cream cheese on the other model's cheek. While Fay licks it off, he takes the picture—a first-class pooch smooch.

Untitled, Little Red Riding Hood, 1992.



Dogs

At the Studio

Today it is Fay's turn to pose. Two people help Wegman take care of the dogs and arrange props for the photo. Wegman and his helpers first create a set—one or two walls with windows and curtains that will look like a whole room in the photo. Then they arrange the model's chair, the clothes she will wear, tables, flowers, sometimes even balloons.

Even though there's a lot of commotion, Wegman tries to keep things as calm as possible. He doesn't want anyone tripping over the lights or dropping any of the props, because the canine models don't like loud noises.

When the backdrop is ready, Wegman calls Fay. She jumps down from the couch where she's been waiting, trots over to the set, and hops up on her chair. She sits quietly while Wegman and his assistants arrange the clothing. If she's supposed to wear a hat, Wegman ties it under her chin. They move quickly because Fay gets impatient if these preparations take too long.

Two other people work the huge Polaroid camera Wegman uses. It weighs four hundred pounds and stands six feet tall. After the camera has been prepared, Wegman snaps the picture. When Fay sees the bright flash of light and hears Wegman say, "Good dog," she knows she can jump down and lie on her couch or wander around the studio.

Two minutes later, the photograph is developed. If Wegman

isn't satisfied, they try again.

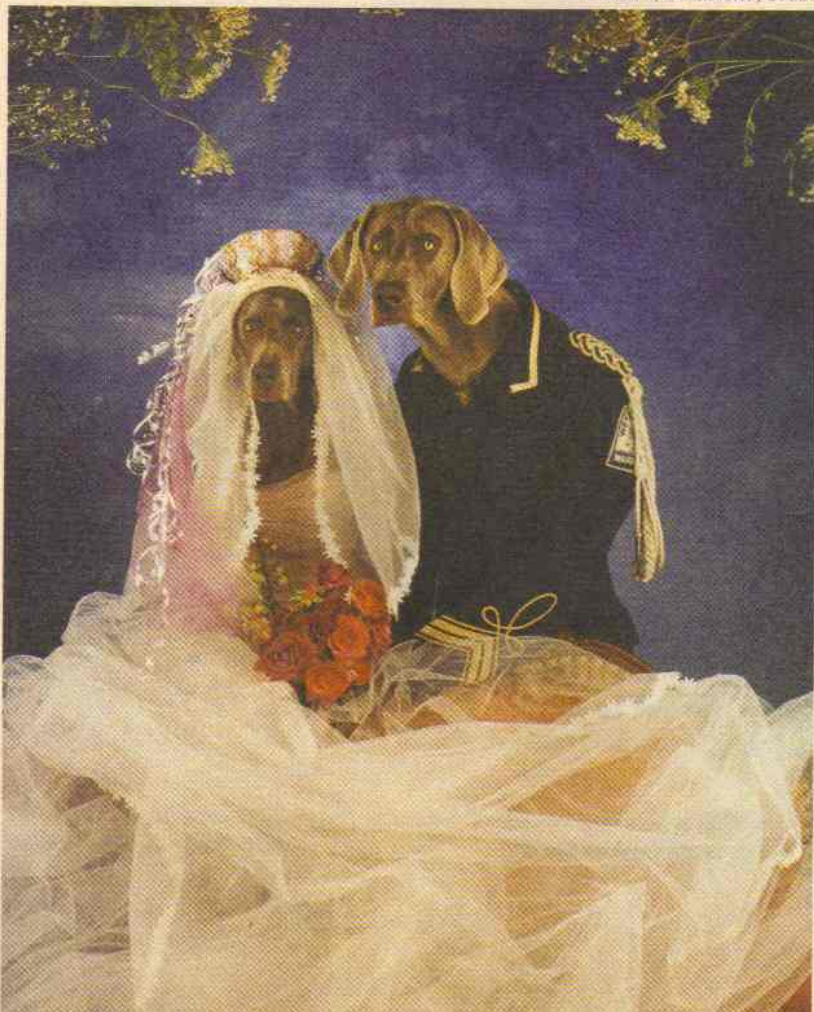
"Three pictures a day is really good," Wegman says, explaining that in order to get those three finished pictures, he usually has to take fifty shots. Photography can be hard work.

Wegman says that his dogs like working with him. In fact, he doesn't even call it "work." It's "serious play."

"As she gets older, Fay (who's nine years old) likes to work more and more," Wegman explains. "If you don't want her to be in the picture, you have to corral her and get her back onto the couch."

"All dogs need meaningful work and play," Wegman says. "My Weimaraners get very sad when they're not involved."

.....



Untitled, Cinderella, 1992.



Untitled Self-Portrait, 1994.

Most people think Wegman's art is funny. He has been called a comic artist and a clown. He says he doesn't always set out to be funny. He just takes something familiar and changes it in an unusual way.

Lately, Wegman and his model dogs have been illustrating books for kids. Just as you and your friends might put on costumes and play the parts in your favorite stories, Wegman dressed up his dogs as the characters in *Cinderella* and *Little Red Riding Hood*. These fairy tales are very different—and hilarious—when the main roles in them are played by dogs.

MAKING TIME CAPSULES

In our January issue, we asked you to tell us what you would put in a time capsule to be opened in fifty years. We don't have room to print all of the great ideas we received, but here are some of them.



● If I were going to bury a time capsule, I would put these things in it: some of my favorite toys, books, pictures, drawings, and, of course, my favorite magazine, *HIGHLIGHTS*. I would also write a note saying, *Hi! I see you have found my time capsule. My name is Karen Lee Meyer. I used to live in this house. In this time capsule are a few of my favorite things. I buried this on December 2, 1994, when I was eleven years old. Please take care of my stuff.*

*Karen Meyer, Age 11
Milwaukee, Wisconsin*

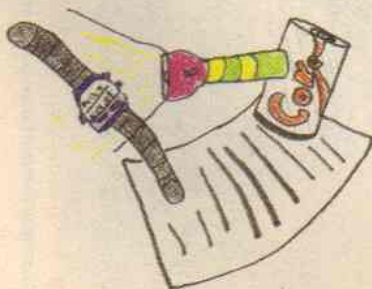
● I think I would put these things in my time capsule: the shoes I hate; my favorite recipe (apple crisp); a picture of my brother, Jake; a map of Puerto Rico, where I once lived; and a Beatles' CD. This is where I'd bury my time capsule: at Montessori by the Sea.

*Alex Q. Fredrickson, Age 5
Gulfport, Florida*

● Two years ago, my brother and I buried a time capsule. We included the year (of course!), money, a paper about our house and ourselves. We sealed it and buried it underground.

*John Kangas, Age 11
New Ipswich, New Hampshire*

● I would put in a flashlight or digital watch, and a Coke. I'd also put in a letter telling about myself. I'd bury it down at the bottom of our creek. Then no one would FIND it till 2040!



*Devon Anne Gayfer, Age 11
Victoria, British Columbia*

● If I put a time capsule in the ground, I would put a phone book in it, so they would know who lived in our city. I would also put in a picture of my family and another picture of me and my friends, so they would know what we looked like. I would put in business cards, also, so they would know what businesses were around. Finally, I would put a letter in there that talked about it. I would bury it in our front yard.

*Jessica Bradley, Age 9
Huntsville, Alabama*

● I would put in pictures of my family and friends. I would put in a journal about me, my friend, my family, and about what the world was like in 1995-1996. I would put in a Walkman, pogs, and a cordless phone, so I would be able to show people how advanced our technology is.

*Leigh Pogue, Age 10
Fort Collins, Colorado*

● In my time capsule I would put newspapers, *HIGHLIGHTS*, and old toys or cards. I would bury it in my town monument.

*Kevin Jones, Age 12
Orange Park, Florida*

● If I were going to bury a time capsule, I would put four things in it: a shirt, some jewelry, a pair of boxers, and a poster of Shaq. Shaq is a famous basketball player, and I would want them to know who our favorite basketball player is. I would bury it where I was born (Spain). They wouldn't open it until the year 2051.

*Heather Lee, Age 11
Middletown, Connecticut*

● I would put in a picture of my house, so they would know how houses looked in 1994. I would put in how we recycle things, so they could make their world better, too. I would put in a newspaper, so they would know something about my city. I would bury the time capsule in an empty field.

*Samiyyah Ali, Age 6
Atlanta, Georgia*

● In My Time Capsule



*Andrea Knabel, Age 12
Louisville, Kentucky*

● I would put in an iron, a picture of an old Chevy, a camera, a CD, clothing, a magazine like *Time*, children's books, new instant-pump shoes, schoolbooks, and a tape recording of something you say. Why? They tell about how we are living now. Where? In Washington, D.C., by the White House.

*Jake Redd, Age 10
Tucker, Georgia*

● I would put a list of the things I did today in the time capsule.

*Devra Mirel Schor, Age 5
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania*

● If I made a time capsule, I would put in a globe. I am learning about Pangaea and other things, like plates, in science. I would put in a globe because scientists say the earth is changing, and one hundred years from now can be totally different. I would want the people of 2045 to know what it was like in 1995.

*Elizabeth Braband, Age 13
Rochester, New York*

● I would bury clothes (so they could study people's clothes) and Christmas tree ornaments (so they could see what ours looked like). I'd also bury artwork. If we become famous, they could have a real one! That's all.

*Amy Bedell, Age 7
Dallas, Texas*

● What I am going to put in my time capsule: a model car, a car magazine, a Hot Wheels car, a four-by-four monster truck—because I like cars! I would bury it in my three-season porch, where I play cars.

*Joe Bradfield, Age 10
Savage, Minnesota*

Oops, I Goofed!

We all make mistakes. Luckily, most mistakes aren't serious, and sometimes they are downright funny. We thought you might enjoy hearing about the funny mistakes of some of our editors.

Once on my way to Boston, I met an older woman in the airport. She had one foot in a cast, hadn't flown much, and was very nervous. When I learned that she was going to Boston, too, I offered to make sure she made her connection in New York. I helped her get on the plane and then carried her bag to my seat in the rear. A few minutes later I noticed that the flight attendant was helping the woman off the plane. I rushed up to make sure she was all right. That's when I learned that I had led her onto the plane to Washington instead of New York.

Now when I get on a plane, I always ask, "Is this plane going where I want to go?"

Kent L. Brown Jr.



When I was eight years old, I thought of a very funny (I thought) April Fools' trick to play on my parents. Early that morning, I sneaked into the kitchen, poured out all the sugar

in the sugar bowl, and replaced it with powdered laundry detergent. I couldn't wait to see their faces when they tasted their coffee. I didn't know that drinking coffee with soap in it could make you ill. Fortunately, my parents didn't get beyond taking the first small sip of coffee, but they explained to me very carefully that some tricks are much funnier than others.

Marileta Robinson



One wintry morning, my four-year-old daughter wanted instant oatmeal for breakfast. Still feeling sleepy, I reached into the cupboard and pulled out what I thought was a pouch of oatmeal. You should have seen the look on my daughter's face when I poured cat food into her bowl by mistake!

Christine Clark



Now, write and tell us about YOUR funny mistake! Send your story to:

Oops, I Goofed!
HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN
803 Church Street
Honesdale, PA 18431

Be sure to include your full name, age, and complete address (street or box number, city or town, state or province, and Zip Code).

Mystery Flats



I stared at the strangest sight I'd ever seen.

By Rosalyn Hart Finch

It was the hottest day of the year. Uncle Joe was wiping sweat off his face when he came into the house. "Ken, did you let the air out of two tires on my old truck?" he asked me.

"No, I would never do that," I replied.

"I guess I must have run over some nails," Uncle Joe said.

I helped him pump some air into the tires so we could drive to the garage.

The garage man couldn't find

any nails in the tires. "Maybe Ken, here, was playing a trick on you," he told Uncle Joe, winking at me.

"I wouldn't do that!" I said. "Flat tires aren't funny."

"Maybe some neighborhood kids?"

"There are only three who live nearby, and they're on vacation," Uncle Joe said. "It's a mystery."

The next morning was even hotter. Uncle Joe stormed into the house, shouting, "Now three of my tires are flat! Who could be pulling such a nasty trick?"

We went outside and pumped up the tires again. When Uncle Joe went back inside, I decided to solve this mystery myself. I hid behind a bush, keeping an eye on the truck. Maybe some kid who is visiting one of our neighbors is doing it, I thought. Or maybe a grown-up is angry at Uncle Joe. But I couldn't think of anyone who would be angry at Uncle Joe.

The sun got hotter and hotter. A fly buzzed around my head. I got sleepier and sleepier.

Suddenly I heard a *ssst, ssst* hissing sound. My eyes flew open, and I stared at the strangest sight I'd ever seen.

A crow was standing beside Uncle Joe's back tire. With its sharp yellow beak it pressed against the tire valve. *Ssst!* I could almost hear the crow sigh with pleasure as it flapped its wings in the cool breeze hissing from the tire.

I felt like a real detective.

"Uncle Joe," I shouted, running toward the house. "You're never going to believe this—"

According to the author, the idea for this story came from a news article about a crow who really did cool off this way.

Thinking

● How might the lives of these children be different from yours? How might they be similar?

Canada



Greenland



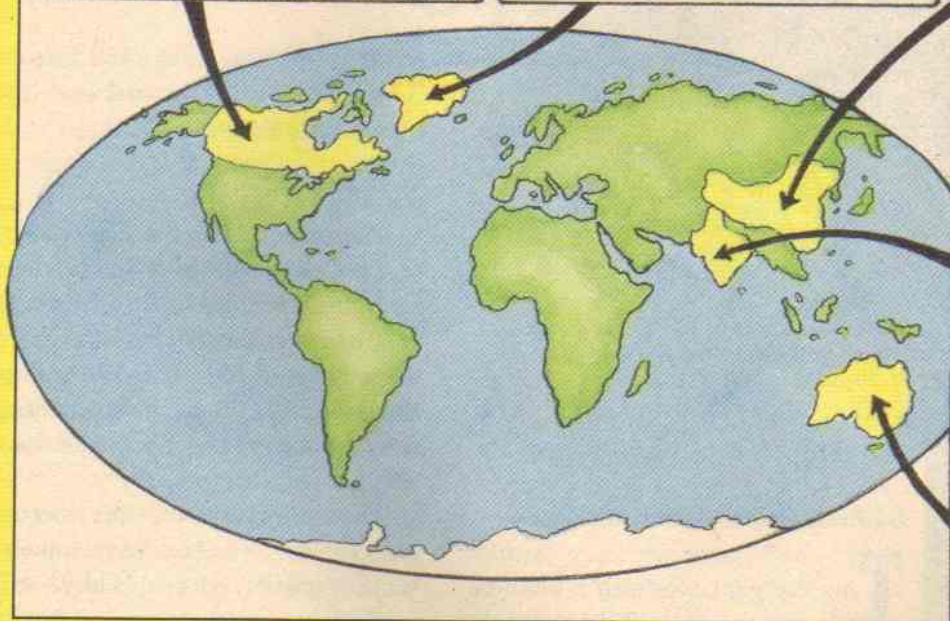
China



India



Australia



● In which country does each of these animals live? What does each one eat? Which are not actually members of the bear family?



panda



polar bear



grizzly bear



koala

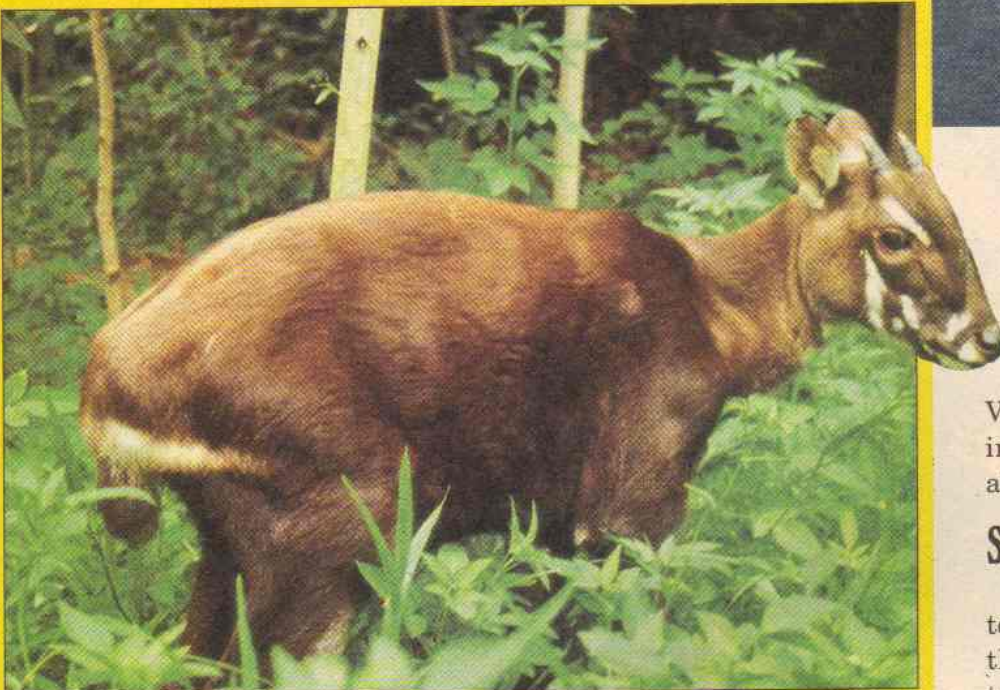


sloth bear

● Name as many countries and oceans on the map as you can. Where might you find bears of some kind?



Strange animals, new to science, live in these isolated mountains.



A young sao la. This distant cousin of goats and antelope was already endangered by the time we learned of it.



The gentle sao la has strong horns for defense.

A Secret

Vu Quang is one of the few forests in Vietnam that have been left almost untouched.

Strange Horns

The researchers were surprised to find that villagers living near the forest had odd hunting trophies in their houses. Each trophy was a pair of horns unlike those of any known animal. They were twelve to twenty inches long and almost straight.

These horns were not fossils, but fresh remains of animals. "One specimen was so fresh that it still had maggots on it," the explorers wrote in a report.

At first, scientists called the creature the "Vu Quang ox," since it lived near the Vu Quang Nature Reserve and because it was probably related to oxen as well as goats and antelope. Now they use the local name for it, *sao la*. This name comes from the word for wooden spindles used in weaving cloth, which look like the animal's horns.

Hunters offered more remains of the sao la, including three complete skins. The scientists had one of the skins stuffed to see how the animal might look.

They saw that the sao la is less than three feet high at the shoulder and probably weighs

By Andy Boyles, Science Editor

The shy goat-like animal called the *sao la* (sah-OH-la) is an expert at hiding. No one has ever told of seeing this creature at home in the dense forests of Southeast Asia.

But scientists learned of it, and finally a few sao las were captured. Now this shy animal is famous. It is the first new kind, or *species*, of large mammal to be discovered in more than fifty years.

In 1992, a team of scientists from the World Wildlife Fund and from the country of Vietnam were studying Vietnam's Vu Quang Nature Reserve. They did not expect to find an unknown creature. They were developing a plan to protect the reserve's endangered plants and animals.

Forest

about 220 pounds. It has big eyes, white markings on its face, and a thin dark stripe that runs down its back to a fluffy tail.

Clues About Its Habits

Scientists have only sketchy ideas about how the sao la lives. Even the people who hunt the creature have not seen it in its natural setting. They either trap it or have dogs chase it out of the forest and into clear areas.

Scientists believe the sao la is usually gentle, but some hunting dogs are injured or killed by its horns. These horns are strong, with bone growing up inside them almost to their tips. Scientists think the horns are not just for show or to attract mates. The sao la probably uses them to defend itself, and males might use them to fight for mates and territory.

When these scientists saw how unusual the animal was, they realized that the sao la might be a new species. Other scientists found out for sure.

These researchers studied some of the cells that make up the skin and fur of the sao la. Most living cells contain a substance called DNA, which is different in every animal. Animals that are related to each other, like gorillas and chimpanzees, have similar DNA.

Animals that are not closely related have very different DNA.

The scientists compared the sao la's DNA with that of other animals. They found that it is related to oxen, sheep, goats, and antelope, which means it is in the *bovid* family. But the sao la is a unique bovid, and biologists have named not only a new species for it, but also a new group of species, or *genus*.

Scientists believe the sao la is already endangered. Only a few hundred are probably alive. To protect it, Vietnam has obtained a worldwide ban on trade in the horns, skin, and other products from the animal.

The government also made the nature reserve larger, banned sao la hunting, and passed new laws against activities that could hurt the animal's environment. The sao la has also been reported in the neighboring country of Laos, and the two nations hope to work together to protect it.

More Surprises

For two years, scientists hoped to see a live sao la. Finally, in May 1994, a hunter captured a sao la calf. Later, two more sao las were caught. The animals died before they could be released into the forest. While they lived, scientists learned which plants the sao la likes to eat and how to recognize the signs that it leaves. This information will help in the effort to save the species.

The sao la was the first of



Vu Quang Nature Reserve (red), an "untouched" forest in Vietnam.

many surprises in the nature reserve. Explorers have found the remains of two more new species of mammals. One of them is the giant muntjac, which looks like a one-hundred-pound deer with dog-like fangs. Local hunters call the other animal *quang khem*, which means "slow-running deer." And they have found a new species of fish related to the carp.

Many other rare animals live in the Vu Quang Nature Reserve. The Asian elephant, the leopard, the Malayan sun bear, and the sao la's main predator, the tiger, are a few examples.

Without trying, the sao la did a great favor for these animals. Because of worldwide excitement about the sao la, the reserve is now bigger and better protected. Who knows what other wonderful creatures might be there?

THE TIMBERTOES

By Sidney Quinn



The bugs had a picnic.



They played and sang.



The sky grew dark.



The ground shook.



"Giants are coming!"



The bugs ran for cover.



The Timbertoes had a picnic.



They played and sang.



The sky grew dark.



The ground shook.



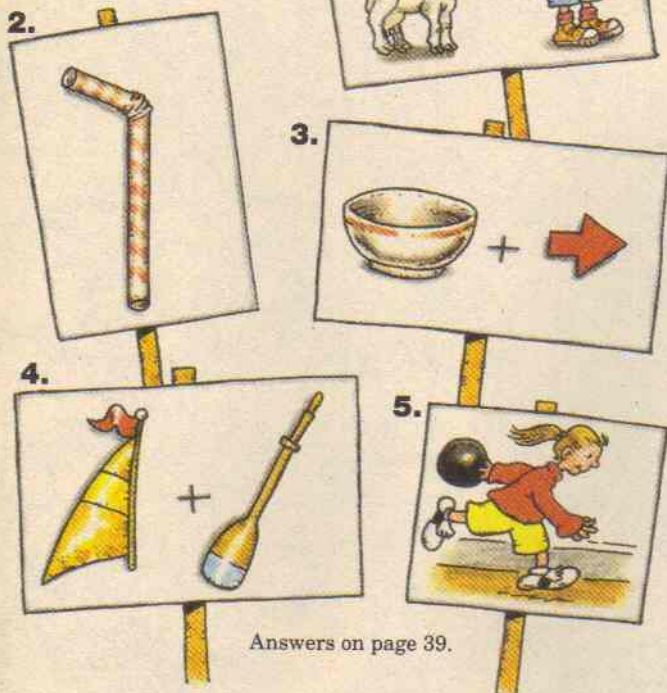
"Giants are coming!"



It was only Old Man Thunder.

The Wordless Haberdashery

The hat shop is having a sale without words. Name the kind of hat each sign represents.



Answers on page 39.

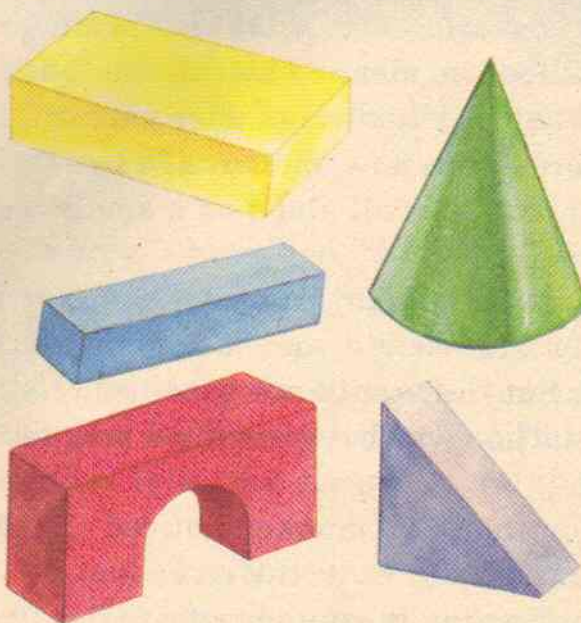
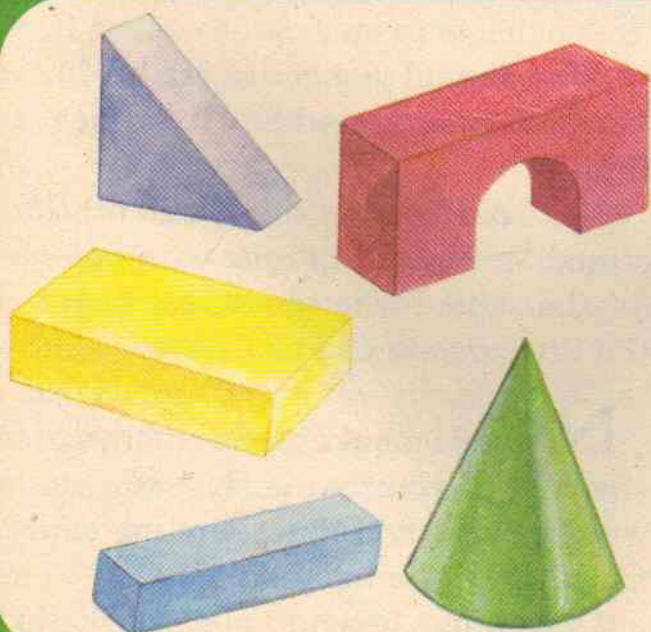


Boy: Why do you like that dead tree better than this nice green one?

Woodpecker: I don't eat the wood. I'm pecking in this tree to eat the bugs that live in dead wood.

Matching

Look at each block on the left. Find one like it on the right.



The Monkey and the Crocodiles

An Indonesian Folktale



Retold by Marilyn Bolchunos

Once upon a time on a very hot day, a little monkey fell asleep near a river in the forest. A great rain came, and when the monkey awoke she found that the river had risen. Her part of the forest was now surrounded by water. She was all alone on a small island.

The little monkey called to her family and friends, and they called back, but they could not get to each other. The river between them was too wide.

Then the little monkey noticed several crocodiles in the river swimming nearer and nearer to her. She sat very still.

"Look at that delicious little monkey," one of the crocodiles said. "She belongs to me."

"Why should you get to eat her?" asked another crocodile. "I saw her first."

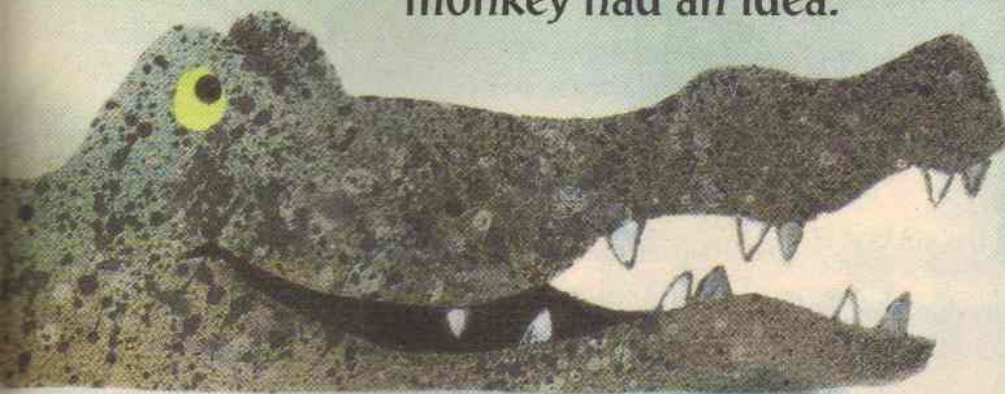
"No, I did," said a third, and all the crocodiles began to argue with one another about who should get to eat the little monkey.

Now this monkey was small, but she was also clever. As she sat watching the crocodiles circling nearer and nearer, she had an idea.

"Crocodiles, listen to me!" she called in her loudest voice. "I can see that



As the crocodiles swam closer, the monkey had an idea.



only one of you can eat me because I am such a little monkey. I have a plan. I will choose a lucky number. You get in line, and I will count. The crocodile with the lucky number gets to eat me."

The crocodiles, who were really not very bright, got in line—a long, long line that reached from the little island to the opposite bank of the river.

"Excellent!" cried the clever little monkey. "Now hold very still while I count." Crocodiles are good at holding still in the water. All of them held very still.

Quickly the little monkey jumped on the back of the first crocodile. "One!"

she shouted. Then she sprang to the back of the second crocodile. "Two!" Then to the next. "Three!" On and on she went. "Four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten." She kept counting until at last she reached the bank on the other side.

"Sorry," she called. "None of you wins. It was a very high number."

Realizing the monkey had tricked them, the last crocodile whirled and snapped his great jaws at her, but it was too late. She scrambled up the bank.

"I guess I'm the lucky one today," she said. Happily, she ran to join her family and friends.

Our Own Pages



Bozo the Clown
Jodi Balzaine, Age 5
Benld, Illinois

Fly, Little Bird, Fly

Upon the shadows of the lake rests a little bird. Fly, fly, fly away to a land east of here: they call it Counterpane. And the little bird flew and flew to Counterpane, and then it happened. Someone caught the little bird. It lived in a cage for years, till someone let it go, and the little bird flew and flew again—right back to the shadows of the lake, and there it rests to this day.

Katie Coughlin, Age 8
Roseville, Minnesota



Brady Vanatta, Age 4
Columbus, Kansas

Swinging Snakes

Swinging snakes swing through the air,
But how in the world do they stay up there?
Swinging and twisting all around,
Why don't they ever hit the ground?
Swinging snakes swing through the air.
All I know is that they stay up there.

Joey Martino, Age 8
Sarasota, Florida



Joyce Oliveira, Age 9
Brasilia, Brazil

Now you can't tickle my feet
'cause I'm under the covers
and going to sleep.

Mark Johnson, Age 3
Derwood, Maryland



The Rain Forest
Sarah Rogers, Age 11
Basking Ridge, New Jersey

The Rainbow Bend

As I have been told,
There is a pot of gold
Where the rainbow bends.
I look up at a rainbow,
I see the rainbow bend.
I cannot help but wonder
Why they never say which end!

Alyssa Hoyle, Age 6
San Diego, California



A Cow Eating Grass
Sharon Hintz, Age 8
Racine, Wisconsin

Mountain Path

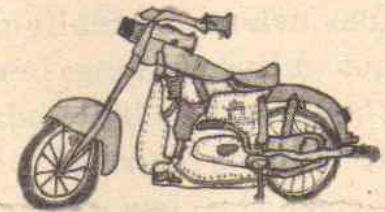
A mountain path will take you around the bend.
This will bring you to the end.
A hill will take you up or down or even all around.
Life has its ups.
Life has its downs.
People have their smiles or frowns.
All I want is a mountain path
That will take me all the way back.

Jon Carrick, Age 12
Glenmore, Pennsylvania

Relief

Relief washes through,
Through my mind, body, and soul.
It feels like cold water on a hot face.
As I write the final sentence,
Cross the final t,
As I write the last number,
I feel a special sensation.
So the next time you finish something,
If you feel a special joy,
Then relief is probably washing you over with
its special feeling.

Deanna Oothoudt, Age 10
Los Alamos, New Mexico

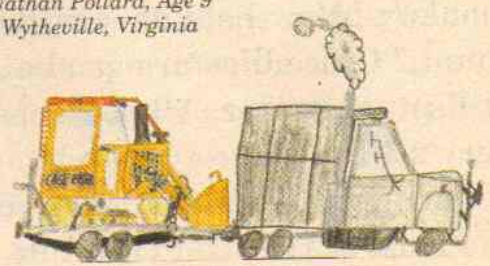


Nathan Pollard, Age 9
Wytheville, Virginia



Fastball

Andrew Bryant, Age 6
Minneapolis, Minnesota



Going to Work

Einar Rorvik, Age 10
Huntingdon Valley, Pennsylvania

Racism

Whether they're a different color,
Or from a different place,
You don't judge people
By their language or their face.
If everybody learned
To be each other's friend,
Racism would come
To an end.

*Sarah Chisholm, Age 7
Bedford, Nova Scotia*

Rosebud

Sunlight came in.
It electrified the room.
All was still.
Not a crack was filled with
Darkness or gloom.
Then magically the rosebud
In the windowsill
Came to full bloom.

*Rebecca Chance, Age 13
Knoxville, Tennessee*



The Scarecrow

*Jessica Howard, Age 9
Tipton, Indiana*

Stars

Lying under the star-filled night,
Watching them twinkle,
Seeing how bright,
I look at the pictures
They call constellations,
Stars together, like growing nations.

*David Schaffner, Age 10
Chatsworth, California*

Night

Night is the time when the stars glow,
When the big round beautiful moon shines on people's houses,
When the lonesome, fierce coyote howls Oouuuuuu! Oouuuuuu!
Night is the time when scary Halloween kids come out on October 31.
Night is a nice time, mostly because it drowns you to sleep

*Alex Stehr, Age 7
Dallas, Texas*

shhhhhhhhh. . .



Parrot

*Miki Kawasaki, Age 8
Yonkers, New York*

Chores

Set the table,
Clean your room,
Take out the garbage
And get the broom.

Do the dishes,
Make your bed,
And make sure
The dog is fed.

Mow the lawn,
Wash your hands,
Rake the leaves,
And pick up the cans.

Why is life
So very hard?
I think I'll move
and take Mom's credit card.

*Jennifer Sichel, Age 10
Atlanta, Georgia*

The Winning Run

I put on my red hat
They call for "Little P"
I step up to the plate
He pitches one at me
I hit the ball
It cracks
It flies into midair
I run all the bases
As everybody stares
I really made it home
It was the winning run
We went for pizza and pop
And had a lot of fun.

*Jared Palmer, Age 9
Peebles, Ohio*



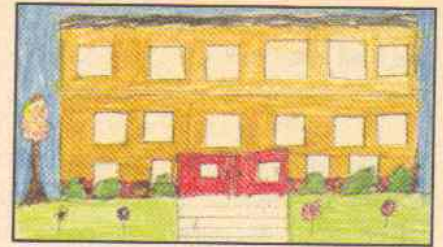
St. Raphael Cheerleaders

*Ashly Stevens, Age 11
New Orleans, Louisiana*



Sharky

*Nathan Kosnoff, Age 5
Issaquah, Washington*



Reading School

*Elysia Berry, Age 8
Reading, Michigan*

A Bright Night

Fireworks
exploding,
bursting,
Showering the sky
With splashes of color,
Like a flower opening up
To the sun, showing its
Brightly colored petals.
Golds,
reds,
and blues
Light up the sky.
Bursting,
exploding
fireworks.

*Fiona Clifford, Age 11
Westbrook, Maine*



Todd the Fox

*Rachel Lowes, Age 7
Jackson, Missouri*

Are you thinking of sending a story, poem, or picture to Our Own Pages? Be sure that you made it up all by yourself, and that you haven't seen or heard it somewhere else. All artwork should be on plain white paper, not lined paper. Artwork can be in color or black and white. Include your name, age, and complete address (street or box number, city or town, state or province, and Zip Code). Mail to:

HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN
803 Church Street
Honesdale, PA 18431

We will print some of the poems, stories, and pictures from our readers. Sorry, we cannot return any work that is sent to us, so you may want to keep a copy for yourself.

By Ken Crowell

Pow! Smash! Crash!

Last July, the world watched a great fireworks display. Giant chunks of dirt and ice plunged into Jupiter, the largest planet in our solar system.

"I feel sorry for Jupiter," said one space scientist. "It's really getting pummeled." Never before had anyone seen a comet hit a planet, so no one knew exactly what to expect.

The smashing story began more

than a year earlier, when the comet was discovered. Eugene and Carolyn Shoemaker and David Levy—three scientists at the Palomar Observatory in California—were looking for comets and other objects that are smaller than the planets. At night, using a telescope, they took photographs of the sky. During the day, they searched the photos for new objects.

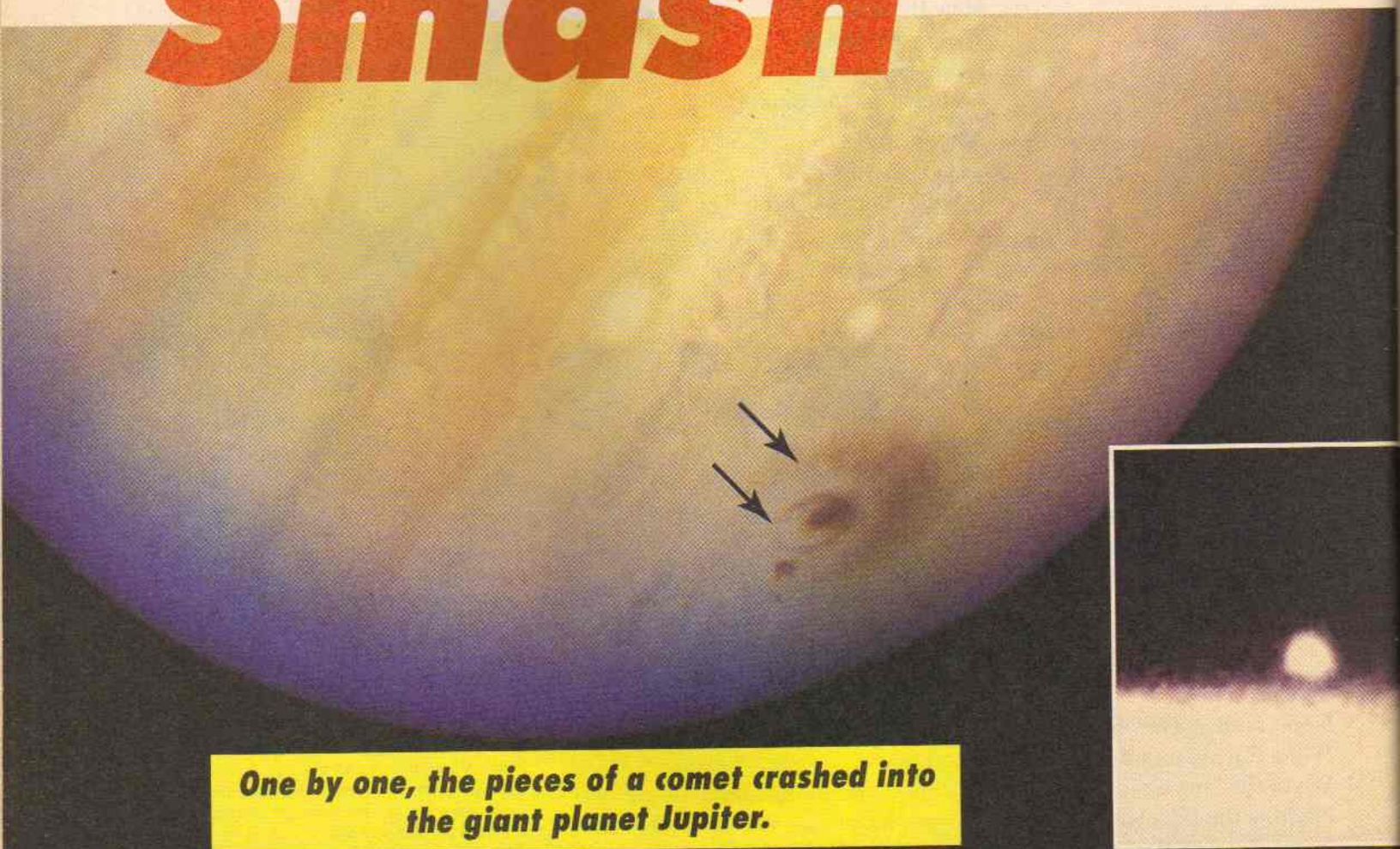
On the night of March 23, 1993, the astronomers took a few photographs. Two days later,

Carolyn Shoemaker noticed a strange comet in one of the photos. Normally, a comet looks like a bright round spot with a faint tail, but this comet was "squashed" into a long bright line.

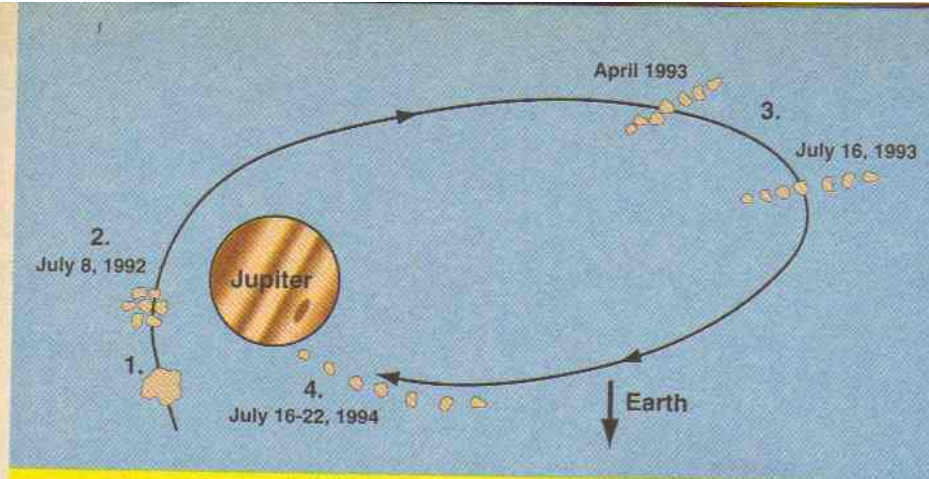
The new comet was named Shoemaker-Levy 9, after its discoverers. (It was the ninth comet that they had discovered together.) Other astronomers, who studied it with better telescopes, saw that it looked squashed because it was broken into twenty-one separate fragments, arranged like pearls on a string. Space scientists labeled the pieces with letters.

What had made the comet split up? Astronomers computed the comet's path through space. They found out that it had passed close to Jupiter in July 1992.

A Cosmic Smash



One by one, the pieces of a comet crashed into the giant planet Jupiter.



1. A comet passed close to Jupiter. 2. The planet's gravity captured the comet and broke it into pieces. 3. The fragments were discovered while they swung through their orbit. 4. Finally, they plunged into Jupiter.

This news explained why the comet was shattered. Because Jupiter is enormous, it pulls on everything around it with 318 times more strength than Earth does. The planet's mighty gravity had pulled unevenly on different parts of the comet and had torn it to pieces.

Collision Course

More excitement lay ahead. The comet was on a collision course—with Jupiter. Scientists

watched the fragments as they neared the giant planet. Three pieces—*J*, *M*, and *T*—crumbled away. Two others—*P* and *Q*—split in two.

The first fragment, *A*, hit Jupiter on July 16, 1994. Most astronomers thought nothing spectacular would happen. They expected a brief streak of light as the fragment burned up in Jupiter's atmosphere. But they were wrong. Fragment *A* produced a huge fireball. Seven hours later, fragment *B* hit, and then *C*, both with flashes. The show was on! People around the world became fascinated by the fireworks.

The Biggest Blast

Some fragments turned out to be duds, but others were bright and fiery. The most dramatic was fragment *G*, the largest. This piece produced a fireball brighter than the light from all of the rest of Jupiter.

The fragments hit a narrow band in the south part of Jupiter, leaving black spots shaped like giant eyes. Some of these spots—clouds of comet material floating in the atmosphere—were larger than Earth. Most astronomers thought the spots would get ripped apart by Jupiter's winds after just a few days.

But the spots stayed. In the following months, they joined into a splotchy band that might last a year or more. These dark clouds have probably changed Jupiter's weather.

The Red Spot

The black spots might also tell us something about the most famous feature on Jupiter—a gigantic *red* spot. Nobody knows how this great red spot was born, since it has been there for at least several hundred years. As long as astronomers have had telescopes that were strong enough to see it, the red spot has been there. Could it have formed when an even bigger object hit Jupiter?

Because of the cosmic smash, scientists will learn a lot about comets and about Jupiter's atmosphere. But some scientists are disappointed. They hoped to learn more about the interior of Jupiter, which is always hidden by dense clouds.

If the comet pieces had plunged deeper into the atmosphere, they might have dredged up material from lower levels that scientists could have examined. But that didn't happen.

Some scientists were also disappointed that the impacts did not create any earthquake-like, or *seismic*, waves in the planet. Geologists have used seismic waves to learn about Earth's interior. Astronomers could have used such waves to learn about Jupiter's mysterious core.

Still, scientists have something to look forward to. This December, a spacecraft named *Galileo* will go into orbit around Jupiter and study it as never before. You can be sure that the scientists who study the data sent by *Galileo* will look for changes that remain from the great comet crash of 1994.



Left: A piece of the comet makes a huge fireball.

Above: An instrument that detects heat shows where some pieces hit Jupiter.


Facing page: The fragments left black clouds in Jupiter's atmosphere (arrows).





The Best of the Parade

By Ann Devendorf

It was the Fourth of July.

 Tony sat with his friend

 Sara on the edge of the

 sidewalk. The parade was

about to start. First the



band marched by with the



flag held high. Next the



ambulance drove by. The

driver waved to



Tony. A



fire engine came next. After

that,



Tony and



Sara saw a



truck covered with

red, white, and blue



balloons. They saw a



clown with

big floppy



shoes. They saw



horses and old-fashioned



cars.

When the parade was over,



Sara said, "I liked the



horses and the



clown the best. What did you like best,



Tony?"

"I liked the



ambulance the best," said



Tony.

"The



ambulance!" said



Sara. "Why?"

"Because my



mom was driving it," said



Tony.

Jokes

Boss: "I see you had a good vacation."

Worker: "Not too bad, but it rained the whole time."

Boss: "At least you got a tan."

Worker: "It's not a tan. It's rust."

Susan Simonson, Saskatchewan

Baby-sitter: "What did you learn at school today?"

Yolanda: "I learned to say 'Yes, ma'am,' 'No, ma'am,' 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir.'"

Baby-sitter: "You did?"

Yolanda: "Yep."

Amanda Bryden, Delaware

Chief: "How could you let the robber get away from you in broad daylight?"

Deputy: "I couldn't help it, Chief. He ran into a movie theater."

Chief: "Well, why didn't you run in after him?"

Deputy: "I would have, but I'd already seen the movie."

Dylan Roth, Ohio

Waiter: "Would you like some black coffee?"

Customer: "No, thanks. Do you have any other colors?"

Eliezer Abramson, New York

Sister: "Mom and Dad bought me a pet bird."

Brother: "What kind?"

Sister: "A keet."

Brother: "Don't you mean a parakeet?"

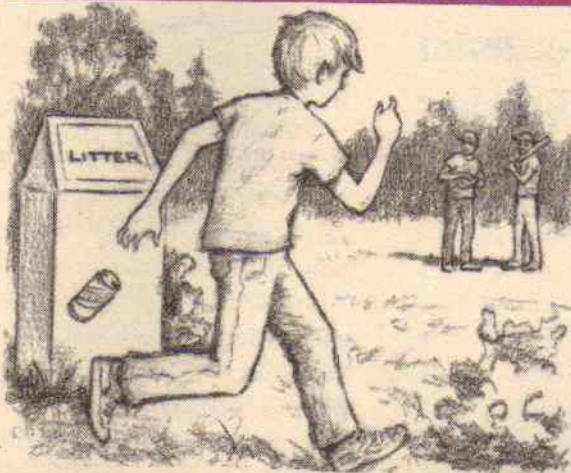
Sister: "No, they just bought me one."

Paloma Patel, New Jersey

Send the funniest joke or the best riddle you ever heard, with your name, age, and full address (street and number, city or town, state or province, and Zip Code), to:

HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN
803 Church Street
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Goofus and Gallant



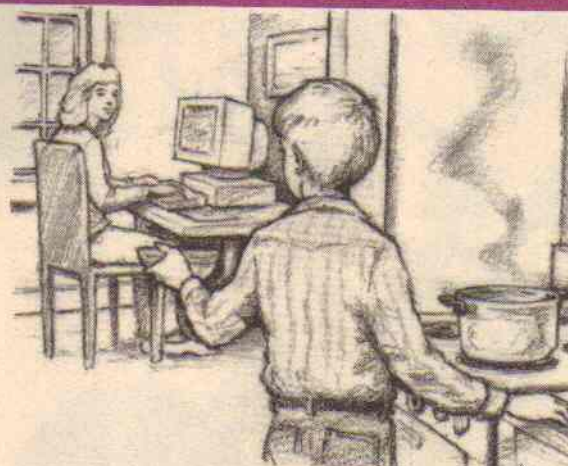
Goofus throws his garbage on the ground.



Gallant puts his garbage in a trash can.



"Why are you always cooking things for sick people?"



"I'll see if Aunt Kate needs any errands run when I take your soup to her."

Everybody's Hero

By Steve Garagiola

Little Man kicked angrily at the blacktop. The Packard Street Knights had scored their third straight basket, and their fans jumped up, howling and dancing to the driving beat of the music blaring across the basketball court.

The Knights led Little Man's team, the Fab Five, by three points. There was less than a minute to play in the YMCA

Little Man brought this team together, but his stepbrother was stealing the game.

summer league championship game.

"Time out!" a voice called, and the referee blew his whistle, freezing the large red numbers of the clock at forty-two seconds.

"Come on, Little Man," Brian said as the Fab Five headed for the sidelines. "Keep your head in the game."

The Fab Five formed a tight circle around Brian, their captain, who yelled instructions over the noise of the crowd.

Little Man had brought this team together—he'd thought up the name, recruited the players, and had called all the plays at first. Though he stood a head shorter than anyone else on the court, Little Man had the speed and the talent to run with any of the older kids.

That was before Brian arrived.

"We don't need him," Little Man had said to Doughnut and Rudy. "He'll just hog the ball and ruin everything."

But Brian was too good to leave off the team. "Are you kidding?" Rudy had said. "Brian's great. We're a cinch to win with him."

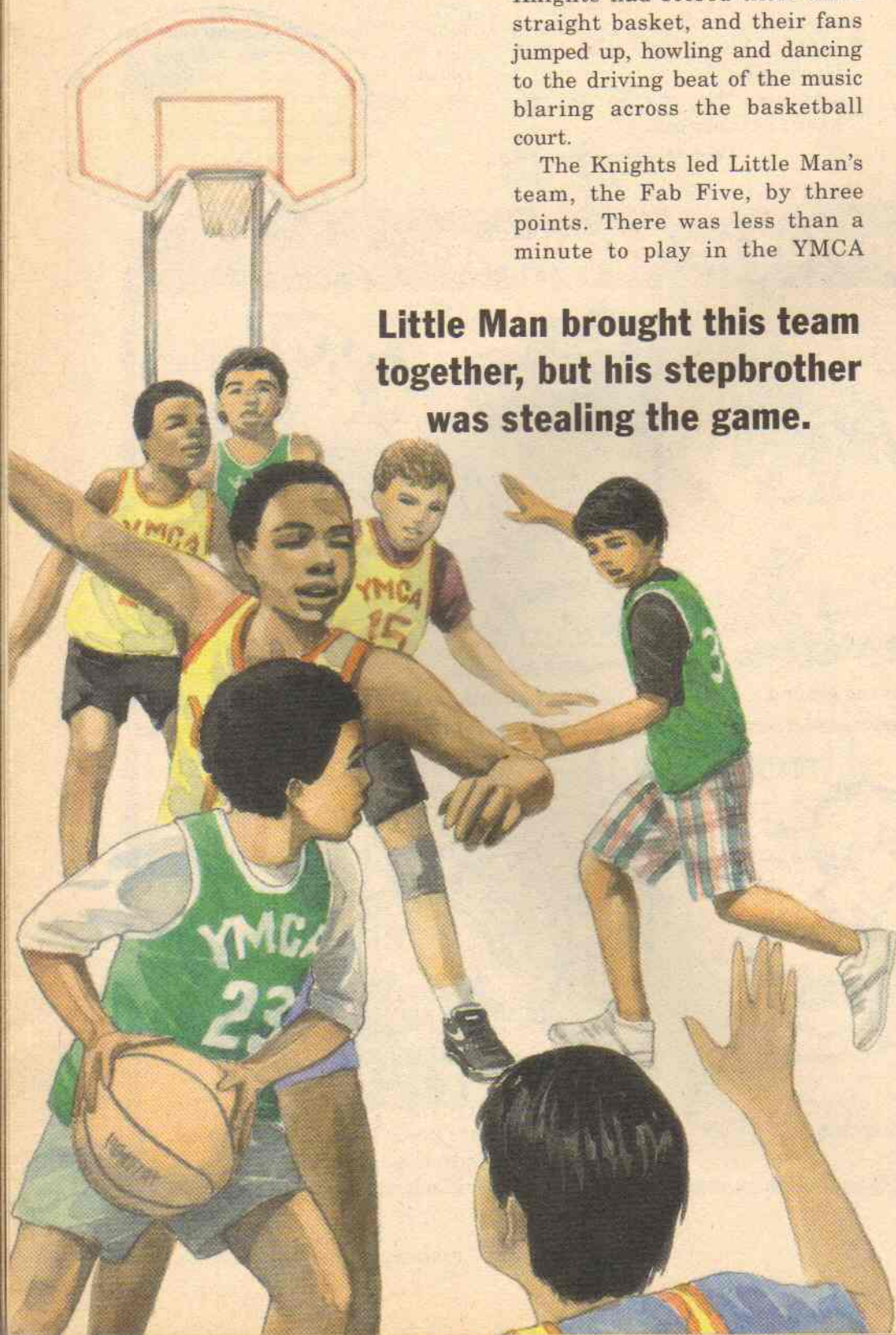
So now "Mr. Perfect" called all the plays.

Brian saves the day, Little Man thought, tired of hearing about his talented stepbrother. Brian, who never had time for Little Man off the court, would gladly step in and be the hero. Who needed him?

"OK, Little Man," shouted Brian over the noise. "Work it inside to me or Rudy."

Little Man glared at Brian. "I know."

With the ball back in play, Little Man calmly dribbled to midcourt, his eyes darting between the scoreboard and his teammates. Brian streaked out from underneath the basket,



fighting his way into the corner. "I'm open!" he yelled.

Little Man saw him, but froze when their eyes met. Sure, Brian, he thought, you be the hero. Don't let me get in your way.

In that instant of hesitation, Brian's man fought through the screen of bodies, and the clear passing lane disappeared. Little Man forced a dangerous pass to Rudy, who lofted a soft ten-foot shot off the backboard and through the net.

"Good hustle, Rudy!" Brian shouted.

Little Man knew he'd made a mistake, and he waited for his stepbrother to call him on it.

"Wake up!" Brian shouted, jabbing his finger toward Little Man. "Play some defense."

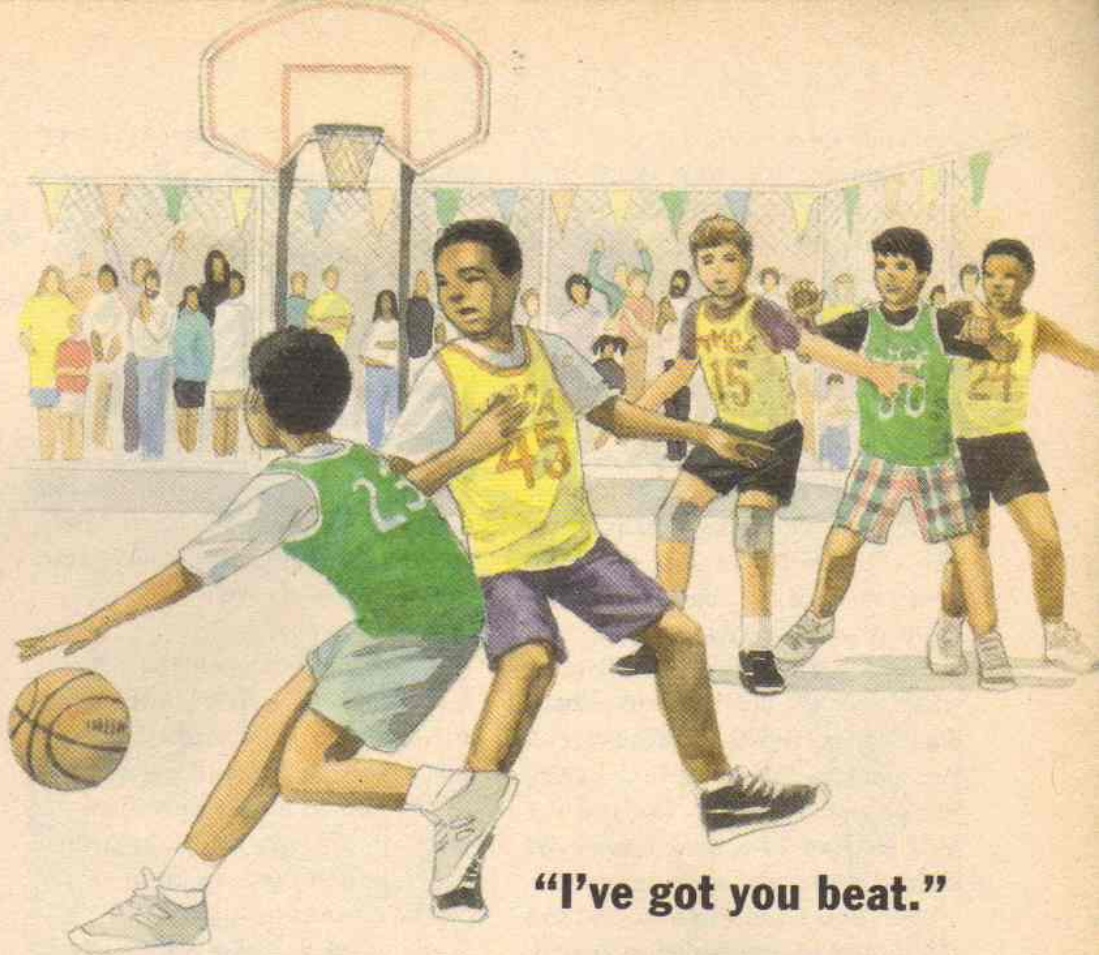
The words burned like acid.

Thirty-one seconds remained as the Knights crossed the half-court line. Number 14 dribbled smoothly to his left, shielding the ball with his body. He sneaked a quick glance at the clock, and Little Man seized the opportunity with a flick of his hand. The players scrambled for the loose ball, and Little Man grabbed it. He raced toward the basket with Number 14 at his heels.

"I'm on your right!" Brian yelled.

As Little Man neared the basket, he felt Number 14 closing in. But no way would he pass the ball. He wasn't giving away the game-winning basket. It was his turn to be a hero.

Little Man planted his foot and leaped, reaching toward the backboard for a lay-up. The ball floated toward the rim as if in slow motion. Little Man no longer saw his stepbrother, or the crowd, or Number 14's long, thin arm stretching out from behind,



"I've got you beat."

knocking the ball away.

Swat! The action returned to normal speed as the ball sailed into the bleachers. The crowd roared.

"Little Man, Re-JECT-ed!" a voice yelled, and a group of older kids laughed, pointing their fingers in rhythm and chanting, "You! You! You!"

Little Man felt the heat rise in his face.

"Twenty-two seconds!" called Brian.

The referee handed the ball to Little Man, who searched for an open teammate to pass to.

The ball flew to Rudy, to Brian, to Doughnut, and with one bounce back to Little Man near center court.

The Knights suddenly broke into a new defensive scheme, hoping to confuse the Fab Five, who trailed by a single point with sixteen seconds left.

"Man to man!" Brian shouted.

"I know it, Brian!" Little Man

snapped. He knew what the Knights were up to. They would have two players guard Brian to keep the ball away from him, daring Little Man to try to win it on his own. I'll show them all, he thought.

Number 45 stood in the way, flexed low, arms stretched out wide. He bounced lightly on his feet, challenging Little Man with a taunting grin. "Come on," he said, "let's see what you've got."

Little Man dribbled with a steady rhythm that was nearly drowned out by the fans stomping their feet on the bleachers. I can beat this guy, he thought. I don't need Brian. I can win this game.

Little Man watched his teammates scrambling to get open. The final seconds of the game were ticking away.

Now! Little Man faked to the left with a flick of his shoulder

Continued on next page

Continued from page 35

and sensed his opponent fall slightly back on his heels. I've got you beat, Little Man thought as he drove hard to his right. The prize was an open path to the basket.

Seven, six, five—the seconds ticked down as Little Man drove, planted his foot, squared his shoulders to the basket, and jumped, stretching toward the rim. This time he saw the long arm reaching for the ball, but he knew it would arrive too late.

Even Little Man wasn't sure why he chose not to shoot. There was Brian, fighting through the two players guarding him in the corner, and Little Man zipped the ball toward him as Number 14 swiped at the air.

The ball slammed into Brian's chest, and he scrambled to grab it, tearing it away from a defender. Three, two, one—Brian released an off-balance shot that knuckled toward the basket and fell like a brick off the rim.

The final buzzer sounded. The Fab Five stood frozen on the court. They had lost.

By the time Little Man emerged from the locker room, only a few stragglers remained near the bleachers that

Little Man braced for a fight.

had rumbled and shook thirty minutes earlier.

"What took you so long?" Brian asked.

"I didn't tell you to wait for me," Little Man snapped back.

"Just come on," Brian said. "I want to get home. I'm hungry."

"How can you be hungry after what happened?"

"Don't look at me, pal," Brian said, turning his back on Little Man. "I didn't give the game away. You did."

Brian pushed open the gate in the chain-link fence. For three blocks they walked briskly in silence, Brian walking slightly ahead. Little Man focused on the path of a stone as he kicked it every fourth step. In front of the Polk Avenue playground, the stone slipped into a storm drain, and Brian broke the silence.

"I was open, and you wouldn't pass me the ball," he said. "Then in the last second I'm double-teamed and you pass up a perfect

shot to force a dumb pass to me. Why didn't you shoot?"

Little Man stopped walking and braced himself for a fight. He'd been waiting for that question.

"Hey, I made a mistake," he said. "Get off my back."

Brian turned to face Little Man. "Not good enough, little brother. I want to know why you did that."

"Because I thought I might miss," Little Man said.

"That's a lousy reason."

Little Man pawed at the sidewalk with the toe of his worn sneaker, then looked squarely at Brian. "I wanted *you* to miss."

Brian had no answer. He shook his head slightly. "That's a worse reason," he said quietly, then leaned against the fence.

Little Man stood firm as he and Brian eyed each other like strangers on the first day of school. Finally Brian spoke. "So you must have been happy when I bricked that shot and we lost."

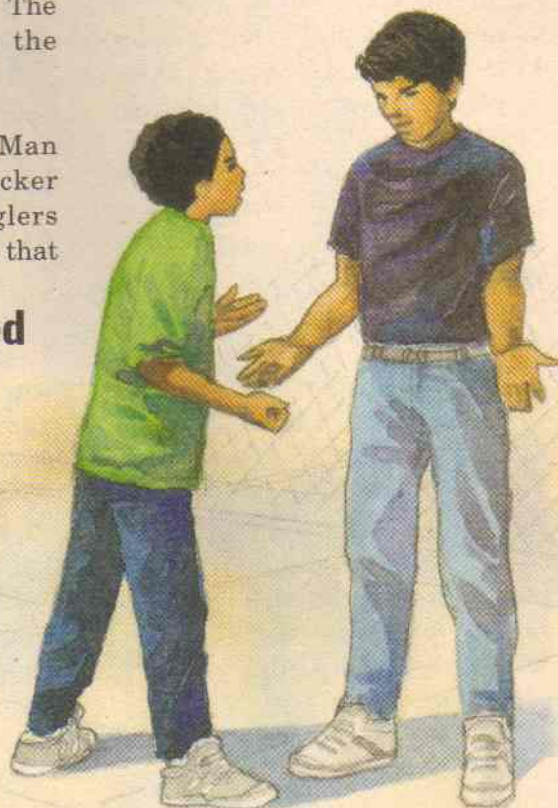
Little Man looked down at the storm drain that had swallowed his rock. His eyes began to fill, and he blinked hard. "No," he said quietly. "I felt lousy. I let the team down."

"You let yourself down," Brian said, turning to walk away. Then he turned back. "Besides—you're good. You would have made that shot."

Little Man stared at the ground a moment, then looked up as his mouth curled into a slight smile. "You think so?"

Brian jammed his hand into his pocket where he had stuffed a five-dollar bill that morning. "You want to go get a hamburger or something?"

"Sure," Little Man answered. "I'm starving."



TRY THIS

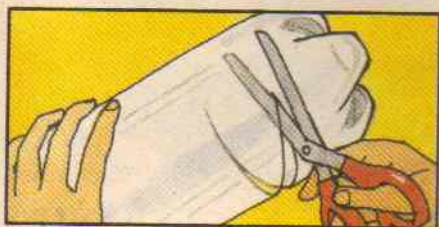
How to Get the Sinking Feeling of Quicksand

Some sand seems hard, and some seems soft. The sand on the beach gets packed so hard that people can walk and even drive on it. But quicksand seems to have nothing solid underneath it. What causes this natural wonder?

Try this experiment to find out. You're going to get wet and sandy, so do it outside in your swimsuit or some old clothes. You will need

- a plastic two-liter soft drink bottle with a cap
- a garden hose
- a piece of wide tape, about six inches long
- a toy bucket or other container
- sand

1. Rinse out the bottle and cut off the bottom, as shown.

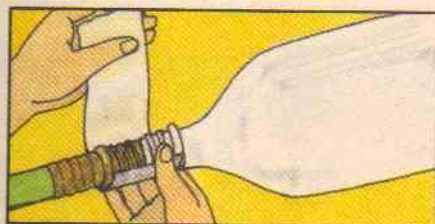


Put on the cap, turn the bottle upside down, and fill it about halfway with sand. Add water until the sand is all wet and completely underwater.

2. Push your fist down into the bottle. You should feel the sand becoming firm against your push. Look into the bottle from the side. What do you see?



3. Now make quicksand. Dump out the sand and water, remove the cap, and rinse the bottle clean. Dry off the end of the hose and the small opening of the bottle (where the cap was). Tape the bottle to the hose, as shown.



Squeeze the tape on tightly all the way around.

Fill the toy bucket or container with about the same amount of sand as you used in the first part of the experiment. Put the bucket where you can reach it.

Hold the bottle and hose with your hand around the tape, and turn on the water so that a gentle flow comes up into the bottle.

Pick up the bucket of dry sand with your other hand.

Now, even with a slight flow, a lot of water will soon collect in the bottle. Pour out this water and turn the bottle bottom-up again (with hose still attached).

4. Quickly pour in the sand. You will see the water moving upward as you pour sand down into it.

When the sand is all wet, put your fist into the water and press down. Does the sand become firm, or does your fist sink down into it? If your fist does not sink, turn the water on a little faster. What is happening inside the bottle?

How it works

In the first part of this experiment, you had the cap on the bottle. This sealed the opening and let the grains of sand sink to the bottom of the water, where they became solidly packed together.

In the second part, the hose created a constant flow of water coming up from underneath, just as natural underground springs sometimes push water up under sand or dirt to create quicksand. The flow of water keeps the sand moving and mixing around. This slight water flow stops the sand from settling to the bottom—and gives you the sinking feeling of quicksand.





"Where should I put the games?"

"You don't have to help me clean up. You're my guest."

"I played with these toys, too. It's only fair that I help put them away."

What Makes the Noise?

What makes the noise in a glass of soda pop?

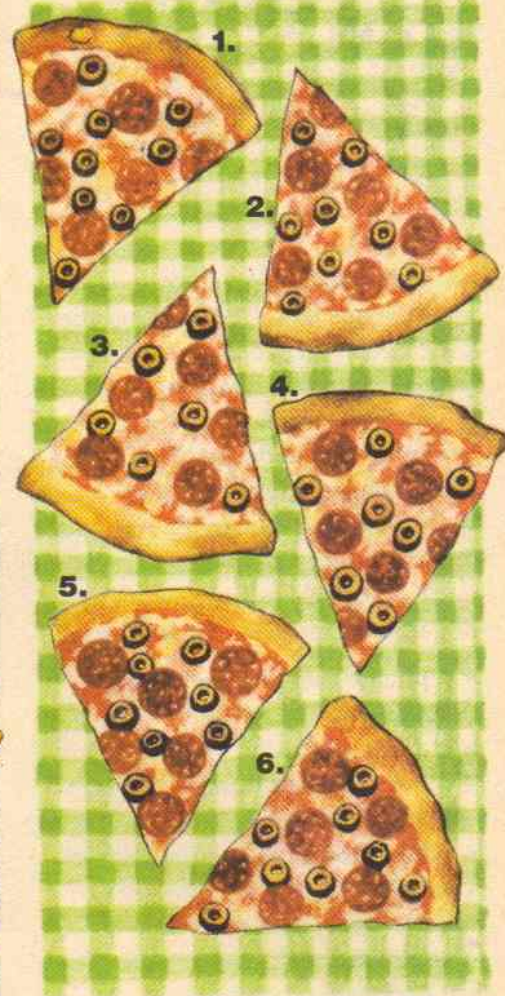
What makes the noise when you turn a key in a lock?

What makes the noise in a bell or whistle?



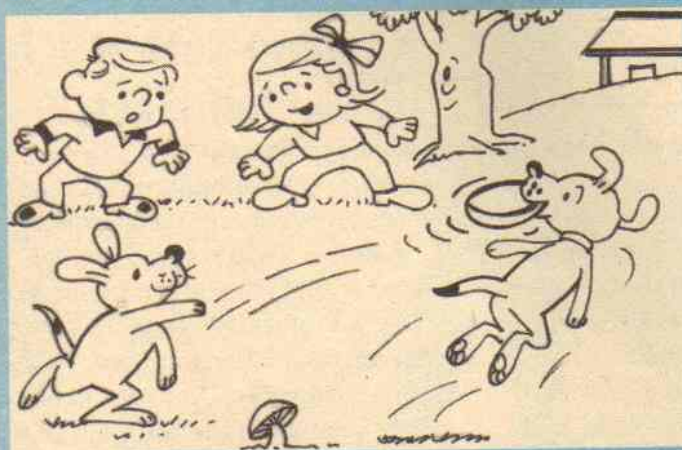
The Slice Is Right

Which of these pizza slices has the most black olives?

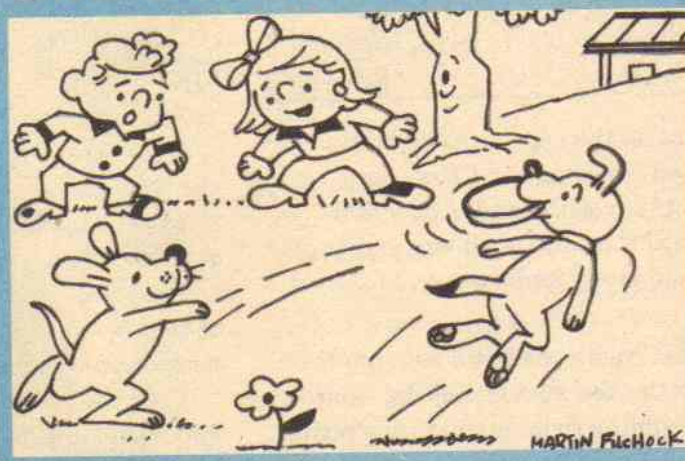


Answer on page 39.

Check ...



and Double Check



There are at least twelve differences in these two pictures. How many can you find?

Headwork

Start at the beginning and see how far you can go, thinking of good answers from your own head.



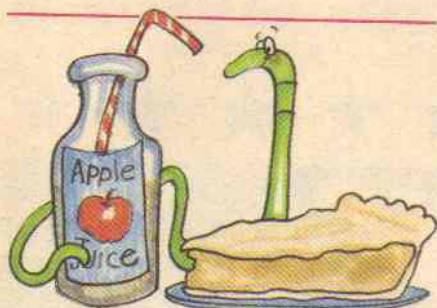
Show how you can tiptoe.

Is it easier to zip a zipper or button a button?

Which would make a louder noise if it were dropped on the floor, a bag filled with shoes or one filled with socks?

When you put on your pants, do you pull them over your head or do you step into them?

Which are longer, the hairs on your head or the hairs on your arms?

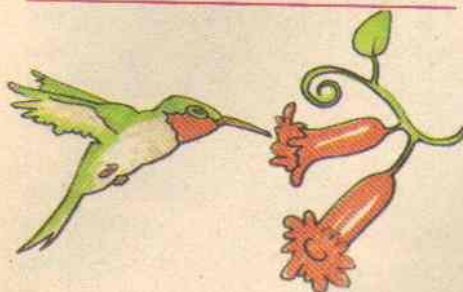


Would you rather sip some apple juice or eat a piece of apple pie?

"The Jacksons have a new puppy," Tasha said. How could she have known that if she had not seen the puppy?

Which could you make stand on end? A needle? A book? A piece of thread?

Name three things people can do on very hot days to make themselves feel cooler.



How is a hummingbird able to stay in the air when it sucks food from flowers?

If you could change just one thing about yourself, what would you change?

What advice would you give to a good friend who you knew had stolen something from a store?

How might you be able to tell which way the wind is blowing without being outdoors?



Think about three people you have known. What do you suppose you will remember the longest about each one of them?

Who may know more about things not found in books, you or your parents? Why?

What is the difference between fog and smoke?

When Jay and Courtney started to get into their rowboat to go fishing, Courtney said, "The boat is leaking." What made her think that?

Name some ways that streams and lakes can become polluted.

Where does the money come from to build public schools?

Illustrated by Jody Taylor

Answers:

"Quizzum States" (page 8)

Abe lives in Maine, which is also the state farthest to the east.

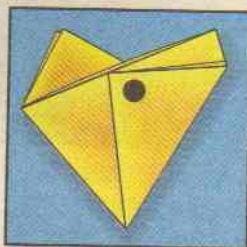
Bea lives in Utah, which comes together at a point with Colorado, Arizona, and New Mexico.

Cal lives in Missouri.

Dan lives in Alaska.

Eve lives in Washington.

"Fold Figuring" (page 8)



"Hose Maze" (page 15)

The faucet on the left is not connected to either nozzle. The faucet on the right has no handle to turn it on and off.

"Wordless Haberdashery" (page 25)

1. Cowboy hat. 2. Straw hat. 3. Bolero.
4. Sailor's hat. 5. Bowler.

"The Slice Is Right" (page 38)

Slice number 1 has more black olives than any of the others. It has nine.



Confetti Basket

By Clare Mishica

1. Use a clean margarine tub, or cut the bottom from a clean 2-liter plastic bottle.
2. Cut narrow two-inch-long strips of colored paper or gift wrap ribbon. Curl each strip by pulling it along the cutting edge of a pair of scissors.
3. Starting near the bottom of the basket, glue or paste the curled strips to it, overlapping rows.
4. For the handle, cut a strip of thin cardboard and cover it with paper. Glue the handle in place and let it dry. Decorate it and the rim of the basket with ribbon.



Ponytail Barrette

By Sherry Timberman

1. Cut a 2-inch-wide section from a large (2 or 3 inches in diameter) cardboard tube or canister.
2. Cut it in half vertically, forming two half-circles. (For each barrette, use one half-circle.)
3. Paint, color, and decorate the half-circle, being careful not to flatten it.
4. Color or paint an ice-cream stick. Let it dry.
5. With an adult's help, cut a slit, $\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ inch in from each end of the barrette, parallel to the end. Make the slits just long enough for the ice-cream stick to fit through them.
6. To wear the barrette, lay it on top of the ponytail, then pass the ice-cream stick through the holes



so that the ponytail is between the barrette and the ice-cream stick.

You Can Make It!



Fourth of July Bald Eagle

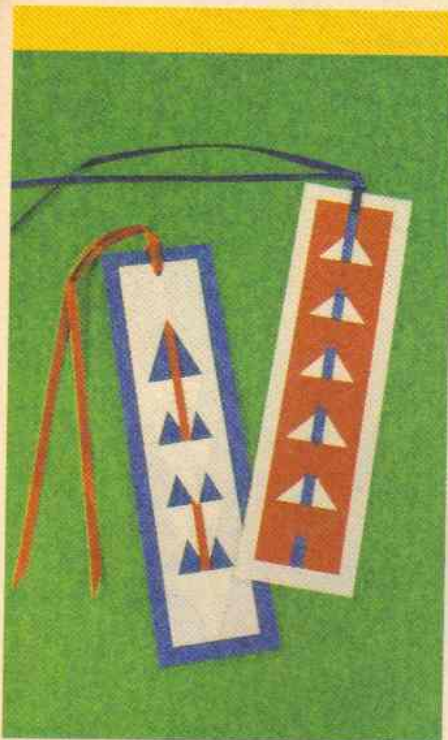
By Linda Bloomgren

1. To make the body, paint a short cardboard tube or cover it with paper. Cut one end of it to form a V shape in the front and back.
2. Cut the eagle's head from white paper. Use markers or crayons to add the details. Paste the head onto the uncut end of the tube.
3. Cut large wings from dark brown paper. Paste them to the back of the body.
4. Cut out paper legs and talons. Paste them to the body.



5. To make tail feathers, use half of a paper plate. Roll it into a cone shape and tape it together on the

inside and outside. Then place the eagle's body on top of the cone and stand the eagle upright.



Patterned Bookmark

By Norma Jean Byrnett

1. Fold a 1½-inch by 6-inch piece of construction paper in half lengthwise.
2. Starting at the fold line, cut diagonal lines along the length of the folded paper, as shown. Do not cut all the way to the edge.
3. Unfold it. Fold down the V-shaped cuts.
4. Weave a ½-inch by 6-inch piece of paper or ribbon through the openings.
5. Glue the woven paper to a slightly longer and wider piece of paper of a different color.
6. Cover the bookmark on both sides with clear self-adhesive paper and trim the edges. Punch a hole at the top, and add a ribbon or yarn tassel.
7. To make a variety of bookmarks, follow the same directions, but either reverse the direction of the cuts, fold just every other cut, fold some cuts up instead of down, or use different colors.



Pastasaurus

By Twilla Lamm

1. Thread elbow-shaped macaroni onto three chenille sticks.
2. Bend an end of one of the chenille sticks into a loop to form the head.
3. Curve the rest of that chenille stick to form the body and tail.
4. Wrap the middle of the other

two chenille sticks around the body to form legs.

5. Glue the pastasaurus to a piece of cardboard or poster board for display.

6. To decorate the pastasaurus, paste macaroni pieces to the back and tail, and add a piece on the head for a horn. Decorate the display board, too.



Clown Face

By Margi Rossetti

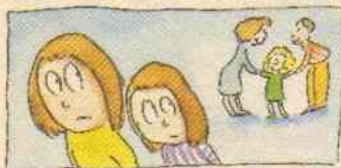
1. For each clown you want to make, wash and dry a margarine tub lid and a plastic jug cap.
2. Glue the cap to the lid for the nose. Glue strands of yarn in place for a mouth.
3. Cut felt eyes and glue them in place.
4. Make fluffy hair with cotton balls or yarn. Glue it on. Dab it with glue and decorate with ribbon bits, sequins, or glitter. Let dry.
5. Tape a loop of yarn to the back of the lid. Hang it from a doorknob or in the window. Give several clown faces to a friend who's sick, to hang all around the room while he or she is recuperating.



Dear Highlights,

LETTERS

Royal Relative?



My cousin is visiting, and my parents are treating her like a queen and me and my sister as if we're not here. Plus, she's gotten more special treatment than I've had in my life. What should I do?

Jessica L., Michigan

Sometime when your cousin isn't there and your parents aren't busy, calmly explain to them that you feel as though they favor your cousin. They may not realize you are upset. Perhaps they just want your cousin to feel at home.

Also, it might help if you and your family could plan special times to spend together.

Criticizing My Friends



I have a friend who talks behind people's backs. Sometimes it's about my friends, and I don't know what to say.

Rebecca F., California

Try explaining to your friend that you feel uncomfortable about this and that you don't want to hear such things. If it continues, politely stop the conversation each

time and say that you don't like to hear unkind remarks.

If your friend needs to express these feelings, you can suggest that he or she talk with a parent or another trusted adult.

Spelling Troubles



I have a problem in spelling. It's very hard to do my homework, but I really want to get an A. How can I improve my spelling without having it be too hard for me?

Ben D., Ohio

Try to learn your words in different ways. For example, use a crayon, paint, or chalk to write them out; spell them aloud or write them over and over; or make up a catchy tune to go with the letters.

Try writing words with your finger in sand, in finger paint, or on other textured surfaces, such as a rug. Say each letter aloud as you write it. When you have written the word, underline it with your finger and say the word. This combination of writing, hearing, speaking, and touching helps many people to learn better.

Ask your teacher for other tips. Remember that spelling improves as you read and write often.

I Need a New Attitude



Lots of times I have a bad attitude. How can I stop it?

Erik H., Tennessee

Realizing that you need to improve is a great start. The next step might be to think about how you react to people and situations.

Suppose your usual reaction when asked to do a chore is resentment. Are there other ways you could choose to respond? For example, recognize your responsible role in helping things in the family run smoothly. Feel pride that you can do your part and that your parents trust you to help out.

Looking at your attitudes as choices can help you to make a more pleasant, positive choice. Have patience with yourself, and eventually you will replace your old habit of being negative with the habit of thinking and acting more positively.

It might help to talk with your parents about how you feel, too, and ask for their advice.

When you write to us, we like to know who you are. Please include your name, age, and full address (street and number, city or town, state or province, and Zip Code). Mail to:

Dear Highlights
HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN
803 Church Street
Honesdale, PA 18431

More Than Meets the Eye



Illustrated by Jerome Weisman

In this big picture find the boy, three sneakers, whale, chick, two cats, duck, dog's head, baby's bottle, dog, three fish, four books, slice of cake, pig's head, chicken, two bananas, ice-cream cone, letter S, flower, three bells, slice of pie, teapot, duck's head, three pencils, cowboy boot, slipper, three socks, bird's head, letter f, hat, crescent moon, three birds, owl's head, girl's head, T-shirt, desk lamp, and rabbit's head.

What's Wrong?

How many things can you find wrong in this picture?

